SWAN

JUNE-JULY, 1988

WARNING: THIS MAGAZINE IS DESIGNED FOR ADULT READERS WHO ENJOY GAY, SEXUALLY ORIENTED ENTERTAINMENT. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIALS, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

EDITORIAL

Well, the U.S. Postal Service has done it to us again, haven't they? They had to cut service (how was that possible?!?) and now will charge us more for less service. Makes sense. And, if that weren't enough, our publisher had to raise prices because of price increases for paper. They are the best printer, however, and we think that you guys deserve the best reproduction possible. I know what you're saying right now. You're saying, "Here goes. He's going to spring a price increase on us."

WRONG.

Your benevolent editor is going to ask you to HELP OUT, however. You can help out in at least FIVE great ways:

1. You can land us some new subscribers and earn yourself free subscriptions and special issues (see our special offer in this issue).
2. You can write us and we'll send you a handful of our new, sexy bulletins to pass out in bars where mature types go or at any other function where potential SWAN subscribers are present.
3. You can write us and we'll send you several copies of a SWAN news release to distribute to your local gay (and liberal straight) publications. Ask them to write about us and help us reach those fellas who haven't heard about us yet.
4. You can write the big, powerful, gay press and ask them why something as unique and beneficial as SWAN hasn't been written about. Ask them what they have against older gay men (send us a copy of your letter, so that we can try to repay you the favor).
5. If you know of some business which would benefit from advertising in SWAN, write us and we'll send you our advertising brochure, which outlines our rates and the advantages of advertising in SWAN.

See how easy it can be? If you REALLY love us and want to see us survive, then help us TODAY. Don't put it off.

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We are amazed at the success of PRIME TIMERS in Boston. Woody Baldwin, PRIME TIMERS' founder, has created a super organization for senior men and, based on the information we've received, the guys are having one hell of a good time. During their meetings, they have speakers who come to speak on a variety of very beneficial subjects. They now have a lending library, consisting of books, magazines and videos. They dine out monthly, attend the theater, and take trips to places like Montreal and Provincetown. Woody says, "I have concluded that my favorite kinds of people are lovers and livers. The more you love, the better you live; and the more you live, the better you love. And it seems that those guys who are taking advantage of the activities being offered by PRIME TIMERS may be improving both their living and loving. Let's do it!"

****

Well, looks like "SWANNIES" isn't going to cut it as a name for you guys. Too sissy. We therefore propose an alternative--one which combines SWAN with one of the most powerful words ever created. It also has a Latin flair and is butch as hell, which is what we really are, when you get right down to it. Gentlemen, we are now.....SWANEROS.

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All correspondence received by SWAN is considered for publication in our FORUM section, unless otherwise requested. All readers who request general information on models, writers, photographers and artists must include a self addressed, stamped envelope with their letter. Those who have a question about their account, no S.A.S.E. is required. All correspondence should be addressed to:

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FORUM

Dear SWAN: I am a new subscriber to your magazine and like it very much. It is enjoyable to see a magazine that is dedicated to the mature gay male. It seems to me that there is an immature way of thinking in the gay community: that older gay men and women do not need love and affection. All of the gay magazines that I have seen seem to be devoted to young, musclebound men. It is nice to know that there is a magazine where I can see MEN that I like to look at and, hopefully, through your ads, meet. Thank you for letting people like me know that we are not alone. The models in your magazine are great looking and a real turn on to me. HORNED TOAD is a handsome man. MARSH CASSADY's smile, I fell in love with. JOHN PRESTON is an attractive man and I liked the photo of him. JOHN SHOWN....What a hunk! I like the articles by VICTOR ENGANDELA. I find them interesting and informative. Please keep them coming. DAVID STANWICK's letters in the FORUM segment are fun to read. I find that the man has a very good sense of homor. I hope that he will start to write some articles for your magazine. I am looking forward to my next edition of SWAN. Keep up the good work. T.F., New York.

Dear T.F.: Thank you for the kind words and encouragement. Looks like both DAVID STANWICK and JOHN SHOWN have let their subscriptions run out and have dropped out of sight. Maybe they'll hear about your comments and resurface. Both were very enthusiastic about the magazine, too. Strange, isn't it? P.H. C.

****

Dear SWAN. Thank goodness for your publication! Coming out in my late teens and early twenties, I discovered I was just a bit different. I was attracted to older men in their late 30's and early 40's. I am excited by the stark beauty of men, perhaps a bit beyond their prime: men who are surprisingly and scintillatingly pudgy here and there--men with male faces creased with character and etched by the rigors of experience. However, men like this were rare creatures in those twinkie (youth oriented) places I frequented. I knew there must be hordes of available middle aged men, but where were they? They certainly weren't in gay bars downtown. It wasn't until I reached middle age myself that I knew why most men I find attractive spend much less time in those places I couldn't stay out of in my youth. Young friends of mine often find it puzzling that I seldom go to gay bars anymore. It's simply that the type of man I like is not likely to be found there. Besides, I quip, "I've done my time in those places....kid's places." I thought that perhaps when I reached middle age, I'd somehow mysteriously change and, in turn, go for some younger guy as I had hoped a man of my age would when I was a twinkie (19). But it hasn't happened. Now, I find that, in addition to older men, I'm attracted to men in my own age bracket (40-60) as well. In our youth worshiping culture it's rare to find a middle aged man who not only enjoys the friendship, attention and affections of another middle aged male, but seeks them out. As a subscriber, it was an exhilirating experience reading through my first issue! I felt as though all of SWAN's men, whether in photographs, drawings, articles or personal ads, were reaching out to me, lustily singing the praises of maleness in maturity! Keep up the good work! J.B., Seattle

Dear J.B.: My sentiments exactly. When I was a twinkie (about 30 years ago) and attending North Texas State as a music major, I would hitch a ride to Dallas and hit all the bars with a fake I.D. It was a very frustrating time in my life. While all the other young gays were fucking their brains out, I was sipping a beer in a corner somewhere with my eyes peeled on the entrance, waiting for someone over 35 to come in. Like you, I gave up the bars eventually--even the ones Damron classifies as "OC" in his GUIDE. Things are a lot better now. I met THE FRIAR, started up SWAN and now know hundreds of great guys like you. Thanks for your support. P.H.C.

****

Dear SWAN: Please find enclosed my renewal. I always look forward to SWAN, especially now that it has made such great strides in quality and content. While SWAN has been a good publication from the start, in its present form, it seriously competes with the best homoerotic mainstream magazines like HONCHO, MANDATE, ADVOCATE MEN and such other specialized ones as DRUMMER and MANSCAPE. I for one, have been most impressed with the growth and improvement SWAN has sustained. The breadth and quality of the fiction featured in SWAN has been very good and very much appreciated. As an admirer of older men, I have enjoyed seeing them treated in SWAN much like empty-headed young blond girls; husky, muscle-bound young men; and sports cars--as sex objects/symbols!!! It is most gratifying to see grey hair (or no hair!), jowls and/or a paunchy build incite homolust in other men! Please give your artists, AARON and RAM more pages to fill. You surely won't see anything like their work in the mainstream mags I refer to above--maybe in DRUMMER, MANSCAPE or MANSCAPE 2, but nowhere on as consistent a basis as in SWAN. Also, your various columnists are all first-rate and I even appreciate your editorials (smile)! It's simply that SWAN fulfills a need and taps a market for many gay men, especially those of us younger men who appreciate and admire the older male. I realize that it is a burden and a strain for you to get SWAN out each issue, but please be aware that your efforts are much appreciated and that many of us (outside of metroplexes like Palm Springs or New York or even Houston) look forward eagerly to each issue! Please keep up the good work! A Reader Outside Houston.

Dear Reader Outside Houston: Thanks for a very enjoyable letter. Never in our wildest dreams did we ever think we'd seriously compete with the big boys. But you aren't the only one saying that. I shudder to think of what we could do if we had the advertising income they get or the thousands of subscribers they have. Bear in mind, however, that we are no better than the material we have to work with. Were it not for our artists, writers and photographers, we'd still be trying to push a newsletter. P.H.C.

****

Dear SWAN: I do not wish to resubscribe because my needs, desires, life-style, etc. have changed and (your magazine) is no longer applicable to my present situation. Also, please do not continue printing my ad. Keep up the good work for us seniors! B.L., San Diego County.

Dear B.L.: Unless you went straight, your letter in totally incongruous. How can we keep up the good work for "you" seniors if "you" seniors abandon us? P.H.C.

****

Dear Sirs: Well, your January Special issue was absolutely incredible. I was dripping dick honey over every one of your illustrations and BARNEY was so good I couldn't put it down. Well worth the wait. I have loaned the issue to several friends and they all agree that it was one of the hottest issues ever seen. I hope that one or two subscribe as a result. Your good work certainly is appreciated in this part of the country! J.F., Virginia.

Dear J.F.: Thanks for that glowing thumbs up. Glad you liked it. No one has panned it so far and the raves have been extremely gratifying. We have heard complaints about the steep cost, but there is nothing we can do about that. AARON got a much deserved big piece of the action and all the photos and drawings had to go through a very expensive process in order to reproduce properly. We'll have another one coming up soon. P.H.C.

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NEWSFRONT

We'd like to thank PATLAR for featuring us in their March issue. We've advertised in this very progressive Sacramento based news magazine and have watched them grow and become national. Our subscribers have found copies of PATLAR in places like New Orleans and Trenton, New Jersey, so you can say that they don't confine themselves to Sacramento. These are nice people and they CARE about us. We've already thanked them and resumed advertising, but we thought that it would be wonderful if some of you guys thanked them too. Write PATLAR at P O Box 22402, Sacramento, CA 95822. Order a sample copy at $2.00.

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Did you know that California Governor, George Deukmejian, proclaimed the week of March 13th as "Employ the Older Worker Week?" According to Larry Boodry with ***THE DESERT SUN*** (March 16, 1988), the literature from the state Job Training Coordinating Council suggests that workers become "older workers" at age 50, but more firms are hiring older workers than ever before. They finally woke up and realized that:

a. Older workers bring mature skills, attitudes and work styles to the job

b. They rank among the most reliable and dependable employees, rarely calling in sick despite their supposedly deteriorating condition. They experience fewer accidents on the job.

c. Older workers are less likely to move on to greener pastures than their younger colleagues

Unfortunately, many older workers lack the updated skills needed to compete in the job market or find themselves the victims of age discrimination. Any of you guys who want to update and get a job, you are advised that the federal government for the past five years has been offering a program to help workers over 55 expand their opportunities through no-cost job training and placement services Californians who wish to participate should get in touch with the nearest of the 51 offices of the Private Industry Council. Applicants who meet eligibility requirements may select from several counseling, training and placement services. For more information, call 1-800-FOR A JOB. You men living in other states, try the above number or call your local federal information number.

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We would like to thank ***BAY AREA REPORTER*** critic, JOHN KARR, for his nice words about us in a recent column. KARR is wildly funny, razor sharp and has a writing talent to lust for. His column reads in part:

"I remember my parents screaming their dire fear to their 13-year-old fruitson that I'd be lonely and depressed when I was old. I assured them (confirmed queer that I was even then) that I had no intention of fulfilling their vision of elder gays, and it's been interesting for me to watch for some time now how a maturing generation of post-Stonewall gays are replacing the stereotypes once forced upon us. One evidence of this is SWAN magazine, a publication, "dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur."

****

Upon reading NEWT DEITER's column last issue, did you get the impression that Australia was "where it's at" when it comes to gay life? So did I, but they have their problems too. Witness this Australian news item: "The New South Wales Upper House may soon be controlled by 'God's Party.' The Reverend Fred Nile's wife, Elaine, appears certain to be elected to the Legislative Council--and they may hold the balance of power. Mrs. Nile, 52, polled 5.6 percent of the primary vote, which should ensure she joins her husband on the red leather benches as a member of the conservative Christian organisation, the CALL TO AUSTRALIA PARTY Mr. Nile said he had no intention of obstructing any legislation, unless it was

'anti-Christian or immoral.' But he said CALL TO AUSTRALIA would move to ban Sydney's Gay Mardi Gras, make possession of x-rated videos an offence, and introduce compulsory AIDS testing for high-risk groups. Asked about the possibility of holding the balance of power, Mrs. Nile said she did not have any firm plan for wielding her power. 'I will do whatever Fred tells me in that sense because he is the leader and he has the experience,' she said."

SWANEROS from down under report that police in Brisbane and other locations in Queensland are suddenly resorting to entrapment in public toilets. In the past, men arrested in parks and toilets were charged with offensive behavior. Now they can be sent to jail for two years You guys going to that area, be careful.

****

In our last issue, we vowed to subscribe to the New York Native and religiously follow new developments in the HIV/syphilis controversy. As with most of the bigger gay publications, however, it takes weeks to get a subscription going (we do it in a day), so, as of this writing, we have yet to receive our first copy. But, since there was an abundance of material sent to us earlier by the ***New York Native*** and ***SPIN***, we have gone through it all and can only shake our heads at the implications. If Dr. Peter Duesberg (a member of the National Academy of Sciences and leading molecular biologist who has studied retroviruses for twenty years) and Dr. Stephen Caiazza (a New York physician who has developed evidence of an intimate connection between AIDS and syphilis and is currently treating AIDS patients successfully with massive doses of penicillin) are even half right, then all hell will be breaking loose in short order. The most chilling quotes from interviews with each:

Asked why he was not funded by one of the mainstream AIDS organizations, Dr. Caiazza answered, "I wish I knew. Ask (the state) Commissioners. I think a great deal of it has to do with ego. Let's remember, we are dealing with doctors. It would take an unusually strong person to say, 'What I've been doing for the past seven years has been wrong.' You're asking too much of the people we select to be doctors. The media is showing quite a lot of interest, but the AIDS organizations are not." Then, when asked about the American Foundation for AIDS Research and Gay Men's Health Crisis, he responded, "There is a whole industry in death and dying. I used to be part of it. If I'm right, we are threatening that industry. We have accepted the fact that tens of thousands of people will die. We have invested careers in this. You can't expect organizations--AmFAR, GMHC, the Department of Health, or any other so heavily invested-- to turn around." When asked to confirm that he was saying that it is not in the best interests of these people to end the epidemic, he said, "Yes, that is what I am saying. There is money in death."

During the ***SPIN*** interview with Dr. Duesberg, he was quoted as saying, "Scientists researching AIDS are much less inclined to ask scrutinizing questions about the (cause) of AIDS when they have invested huge sums of money in companies that make money on the hypothesis that HIV is the AIDS virus. How could they be objective? Gallo (Dr. Robert Gallo, a National Institutes of Health scientist and codiscoverer of HIV) stands to make a lot of money from patent rights on the virus. His entire reputation depends on this virus. If HIV is not the cause of AIDS, there's nothing left for Gallo. If it's not a retrovirus, Gallo would become irrelevant. The stakes are too high now. Ten years ago, when they were lower, theories could be exchanged and examined more rationally. This cannot be done now. Gallo's lab works so closely with the news media Every progress report from their laboratories is discussed by Dan Rather and Barbara Walters, ***Newsweek*** and ***Time***. Every little observation is in all newspapers." And then this bomb: "A recent study published in the Journal of the American Medical Association showed that of all AIDS cases registered in New York and San Francisco after 1985, 93 percent were never confirmed to be HIV positive."

(continued on page 15)

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers/artists/models are featured in this issue and all may be written to. Merely write to them the same way you would write to an advertiser with a bird codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 cent stamp. In pencil, in the lower left corner, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us.

AARON is a highly talented artist who lives with his equally talented (in the movie and television industries) partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine. AARON is one of our pricipal artists and his greatest works can be found in SWAN's Special January 88 issue.

ALAISTER is a 43 year old Italian/American artist/writer, who hails from Pennsylvania. This tall, slender lover of older men debuts his bold, sexy style of drawing in this issue, with more to follow. Also coming soon is his story entitled ON THE DOCKS, which will knock <u>your</u> docks off.

ANTHONY is a 40 year old, 5'-8", 150 pound hunk with a 7 inch rod, who really likes the company of mature men. ANTHONY is Italian (what else!) and lives on the Northeast Coast. This is his first time as a SWAN model.

BUTCH is a senior stud who lives on the Southeast Coast with his partner. We met this very fun couple at Mardi Gras and were immediately taken with their sincerety and good nature. And, yes, this handsome man <u>does</u> live up to his name! This is the first of a series of photos we will feature on this succulent morsel. We're still trying to get his partner to model, too--what a hunk!

CHIEF, like BUTCH, modeled for us at Mardi Gras. This powerful, masculine, pro wrestler type is a chub chaser's dream and attracts a big following of people not known for going after heavy men. This exceptionally sexy man is a senior and resides in the Southwest. Like BUTCH, this is CHIEF's first performance and there will be more to come.

PAT COLLEY, your editor and publisher, retired from the Construction Industry to devote full time to taking care of THE FRIAR; editing and publishing SWAN; and writing novels and short stories--in that order. A native Texan, Pat studied music at North Texas State until he dropped out in 1960 to ***find*** himself, which finally happened in 1985, thanks to THE FRIAR.

NEWT DEITER is a senior and the owner of his own travel agency in Los Angeles. NEWT is always on the go and is one of the most dynamic men we've ever met. This man knows (and is loved by) ***everyone,*** guys, from the most famous, down to the little guys who devour his great column.

VIC ENGANDELA is a very popular Chicago columnist, who has been with us for some time. This wonderful 64 year old writes with a keen perception and has a great style. His work is rich in pathos and brings peace into the lives of many readers. He's a warm, sincere person who genuinely loves our elder brothers--those in their 80's and 90's.

EX-LOGGER is back by awesome demand! This rapturous looking ***man's*** man has been known to make jaded cocksuckers drool in their pants and was our very first undisguised model. Yes, this extraordinary man started it all and we'll never be able to repay him. EX-LOGGER lives with his younger, 50 year old lover in the deep woods of the Great Northwest.

BILL HARRIS also writes a column and has been with us for quite a while. BILL is a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He is a senior and lives in Boston with his lover.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/writer/photographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his SWAN model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers for us. KENT's hot find, "The Horse" will be featured in an upcoming issue, along with masterpieces of THE

COLONEL.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55 year old ***SWANERO*** attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last 7 years in Southern California. He is single and lives in Los Angeles, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. His first column appears in this issue and will be followed by many more Now, if we could only find an M D with the class and generosity of this wonderful man, we'd have a full service magazine.

MARTY is a handsome, 40 year old Mexican/American who lives with his 60 year old lover in the Southwest. We can only speculate as to what the lover does with that magnificent piece of beef MARTY is toying with in his exciting photo.

MIKE is a giant, 42 year old ex boswain's mate who chomps on cigars and drinks beer like a genuine AARON model. We don't know too much about this incredible specimen except that he lives in New York, but we do know that he will be modeling for AARON soon--***after*** we do a photo session on him in Palm Springs.

THE PIT BULL is a 58 year old, 193 pound, 5'-8" powerhouse from the banks of the Ohio River. This macho dude is very much active in wrestling and boxing and doesn't care too much for wimps. He also likes to nude wrestle older men.

RAM, like AARON, is considered one of the best erotic artists on the international gay scene today. RAM, a highly celebrated professional artist, is in his late 40's and lives in Indianapolis with a 68 year old dynamo businessman who is in ***Who's Who.***

RAPTOR is a brilliant writer in his 30's and hails from Kansas City, where he lives with his handsome senior lover. RAPTOR is also a poet and can say in five words what most of us would say in ten. Look for his poetry in this issue and his fiction in the next. Just don't get flammable liquid next to his short story in August.

KENN RICHIE is the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing amount of screenplays which went on to become movies. He is also a devoted ***SWANERO*** and has given us invaluable support.

SCORPIO is an inmate at a prison in the Midwest. He's young, extremely good looking and masculine; and can set a drawing pad on fire. Using at least four distinct styles, this artist never ceases to amaze us and we can't wait until he is released next year.

PUG SNIDER is one of the most clever writers we've ever met. This 74 year old, silver haired fox lives in Illinois with his hunk, slightly younger lover and does to a typewriter what SCORPIO does to a drawing pad. PUG is an ex journalist and is currently a freelance writer

TOBEE is a senior Japanese-American who does a mean cartoon. This very witty and talented artist is part of the family at the AARON household. TOBEE is actually the name of AARON's poodle, but our principal cartoonist thought it would make a great pen name.

WILD BILL is a senior from Florida who lives up to his name better than anyone we know. He is a marvelous writer and photographer, as well as an erotically magnetic model (see next issue). WILD BILL lives with his partner, better known as J.J. DODGE, who is our computer consultant and, on occasion, model agent.

JASON P. WILLIAMS is a very clever and funny chub lover who lives in New York with his gorgeous, hunk of a lover. JASON is a magazine editor and author of highly erotic, well-crafted fiction--plus, he even illustrated his story, AMSTERDAM NIGHTS in this issue. Pure talent.

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. He is politically liberal and doesn't think too much of organized religion and the present administration. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication. He's even urged us to acquire a conservative political columnist to counter his views. Love him or hate him, he will never bore you

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WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

or

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED? LUV.

or

WHAT? IS THIS THING CALLED **LOVE?**

By Victor Engandela

Which is the "right" title? Which is the "right" question?

Just what is love? More specifically, just how are sex and love related? I thought I knew. I guess I really don't.

How should I know? How should anyone know?

Our family, school and societal upbringing suceeds admirably in confusing us all. Yes, I think it is an observable fact that most of us live out our lives more or less in a state of confusion about sex and love. I read somewhere someone saying a most interesting, unusual thing about love. He said love was man's way of dealing with his guilt about sex. That sounds awfully extreme. But it is worthy of serious consideration...Or is it the other way around?; that sex is the "natural" expression of love that makes love complete. But sex and love are NOT 100% correlated! Now, at age 64, I find I'm confused again. How about you?

Let's confuse things a bit more. I "love" apple pie, Springtime, my new computer and my new wind jacket. What kind of "love" is this? Why do we use the word LOVE, such a delicate, wonderful thing, so casually as to thoroughly dilute it? Can this one word LOVE mean all these diverse things? Again the song title says it nicely: LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING.

Read between the lines of the ads. People seem to be searching for (1) a sex partner of a certain kind, (2) a companion to live with, to have fun and share life with, or (3) both a sex and a love partner with whom one can make a "serious" committment.

But why all the confusion and frustration? Could I be the only one confused? I don't think so.
(I can see there will be many more questions in this essay than answers!). But I really want to know!-----Can we talk??

I'm in love--right now--with a 75 year old man who has had no homosexual experience; who is afraid to love anyone, especially another man, BUT WHO LONGS FOR LOVE and, I think, FOR SEXUAL EXPRESSION! I told, him, carefully but honestly, that I'm in love with him. I think about him all the time, I feel good when I'm with him, I wish everything good for him, and I want to embrace and kiss him--and that this feeling is electric and not mistakable!

He simply dosen't know what to do with that "reality". I'm at wit's end trying to "help" him free himself up enough to honestly express his feelings toward me, whatever they are. He says he "likes" me very much--I think he loves me, but is too afraid of admitting it because of his fear of homosexuality.

Can two old men fall in love? Do people "fall " out of love? Will I fall out of love with him if I can't have the sexual expression and intimacy I crave?

The dictionary says LOVE is:

"1. A feeling of strong personal attachment induced by sympathic understanding, or by ties of kinship; ardent affection."--and here I had to

look up the word ARDENT to find it means:"(1) HOT OR BURNING; FIERY, (2) GLOWING; SHINING; (3) WARM PASSIONATE, EAGER."

"2. The benevolence attributed to God as being like a father's affection for his children."

It seems the dictionary is reflecting the MAIN DILEMMA!! Are there then two categories of love, not nearly so neatly separated as society's intellect would have it?

One category, the sexual, physical love in all its various forms and the other, a carefully "sterilized", non sexual version, like the love of a parent for his child or the love of a child for a parent, or for his brother or sister, or (here we have to part company with the incest no nos) FOR HIS SAME SEX FRIEND, his school teacher, or his dog, for that matter!

I have been through <u>all of the above</u>, and some other love situations in my lifetime. Haven't you?

I was in love with my father as a child in a way that painfully (because I was so scared) <u>included</u> sexual feelings. True, he gave me hugs and kisses. But I wanted to play with his penis!

I loved my brother, in a way that <u>included</u> sexual feelings. We would both pretend to be asleep as we hugged and excited one another in bed on a cold winter night. Were we having sex? We certainly didn't admit it.

I was in love with my elderly (male) piano teacher, but knew enough to hide or disguise these feelings by being a "good" and obedient student--so that he could "legitimately" and "safely" like me on that basis..It even got me an occasional pat on the head, which I dearly cherished, but I would nearly go through the ceiling WITH SEXUAL FEELINGS when he stood close behind me and grabbed my hands to correct my hand position on the keyboard!

I was in love with our dog. I learned how to help him enjoy himself by straddling my leg--when no one was looking--He (my dog) even let me play with his penis, as I played with mine... Was I having sex? And what kind of <u>love</u> was this..I cried when my mother had him "put away" because he was "too old".

Needless to say, I got very little help with my feelings of love as a child. Just the usual, confused, fearful, contradictory and secretive responses. I had to deal with these very complex, unruly, embarassing feelings alone. Now, many years and sex and love experiences later, I find I am still confused.

I have had many sexual experiences without love, some love experiences without sex, and just one experience with both deep love and sexual expression combined, (which was wonderful while it lasted--21 years--he died at age 82 in 1977).

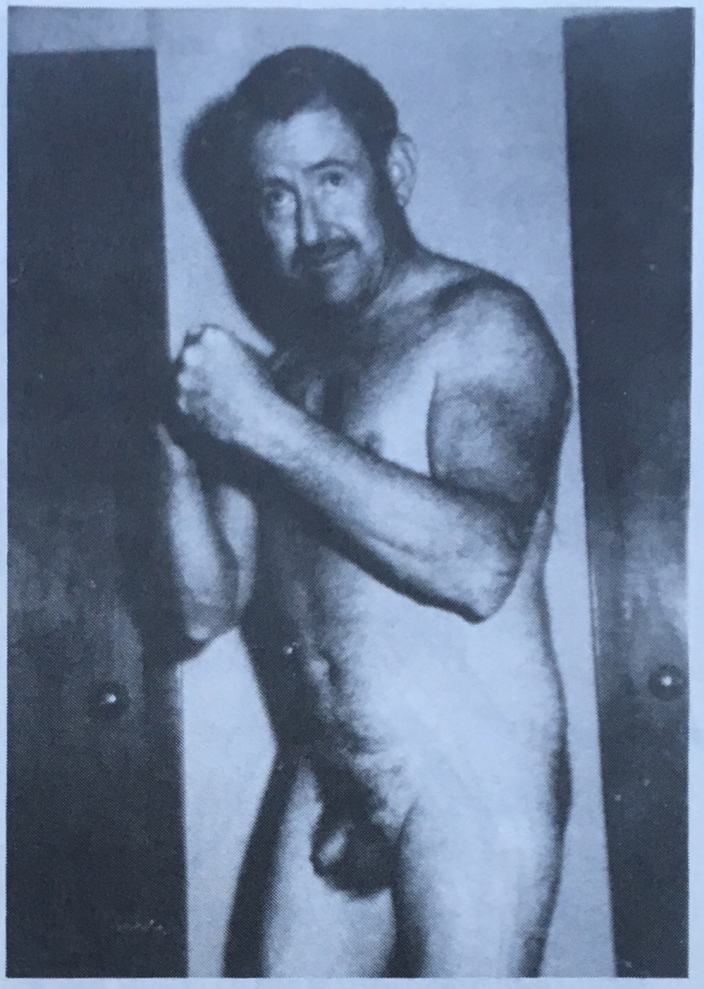
The religious "glorification" of love <u>without</u> sex--the Immaculate Conception, the Adam and Eve story, the "chaste", abstinence kind of love expounded by priests and nuns in the Catholic church, (barely tolerating and almost begrudgingly accepting sex--ONLY between young legally married couples--<u>explicitly for the purpose of making a baby</u>). Even here the Immaculate Conception still implies that this idyllic, ultimate, magic way somehow was "cleaner" and "purer" than conception by sexual intercourse. At very best, the sexuality and love involved in making a baby, AS SUCH, <u>is not acknowledged</u> openly and candidly to be a beautiful thing in its own right, with or without the baby. And what about ALL of the rest of us who experience LOVE and SEX without marriage, or babies!! Are we somehow "nonexistant" in the same style that sexuality in children and old people is generally denied?

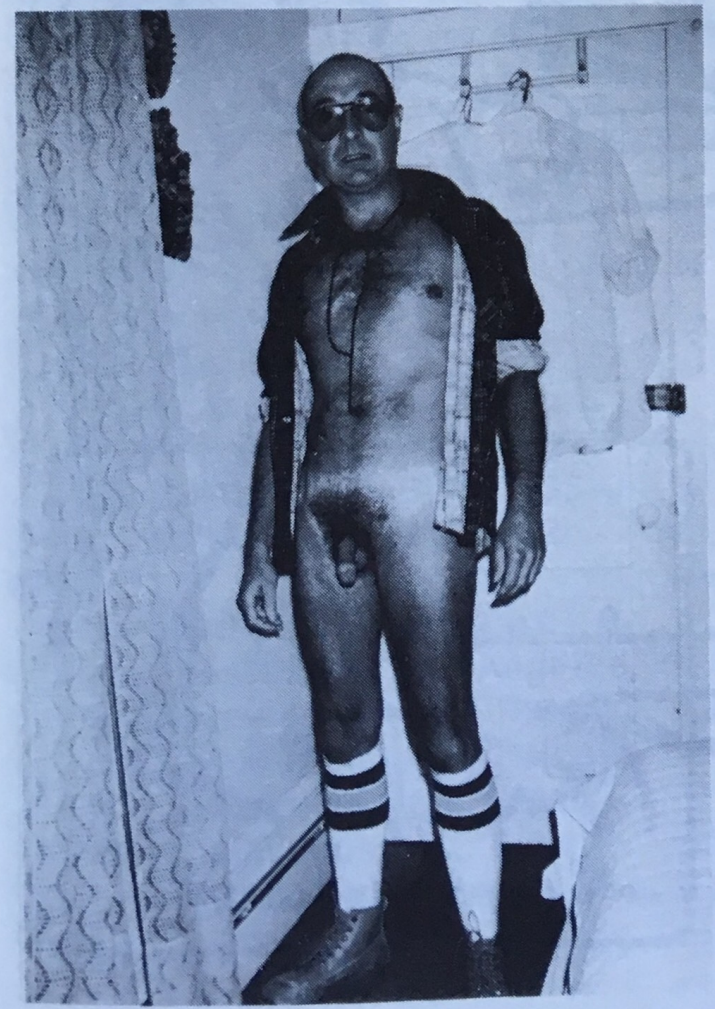
I have always had trouble separating idyllic love with physical sexual love--I guess I am a "touch" person, I <u>must</u> touch what I love. I simply have never believed that sexual expression is dirty or bad. But somehow, I have managed, as I believe most people have, to live with this confusion.

My friend, for whom I feel love, wants me as a friend <u>without</u> sex, while I (desperately) want him as a friend <u>with</u> sex. For me, a homosexually orientated man, it is very difficult if not impossible to "sterilize" out my sexual feelings from our friendship. He knows

THE PIT BULL

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL WRANGLER





ANTHONY

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIMBA

"Young man, don't you realize my time is worth fifty dollars a minute?"

about my sexual feelings toward him and is frightened of them in a way that I am not. I am trying to respect his trepidation, but I sense he has a proclivity for homosexuality and further, that he really likes (loves?) me, perhaps enough to eventually consider exploring a "new" experience with me. It is difficult for me to give up this hope. Is this wishful thinking? How can I be objective about it? My friend has a deeply ingrained taboo on same-sex intimacy which he ultimately may or may not be able to overcome. Can I risk loosing his "non-sex" friendship--everything-- because of my sexual urges?

The "simple" solution, as he sees it, is for me to "sterilize" out of our growing, deep friendship any sexual feelings; to deny or supress them...easy for him to say. He is good at this kind of denial. I am not. In fact it's beginning to look like I may not be able to do this, feeling as strongly about him as I do. When I am with him I want to touch him, to kiss him, to hold him in my arms.!

I know there may be some readers who will laugh at all this and say; its very simple, give him a few drinks and take him to bed. He'll love it and all your problems will be over!..It just dosen't seem right in this case. Maybe it's because I do love him very much.

Think about it. I can hardly think of anything else these days.

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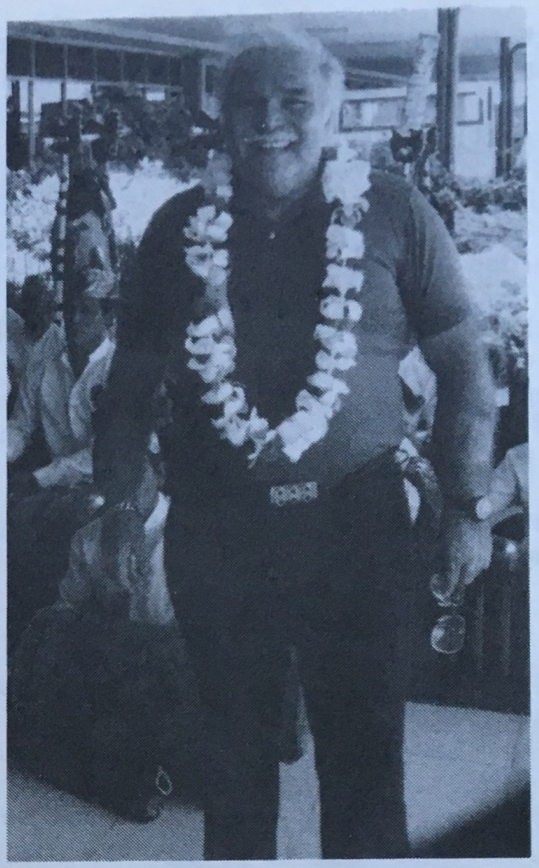
TRAVELIN TIME

with NEWT DEITER



I returned from taking over forty clients on the March RSVP Cruise, along with a stop at Disney World, and found the April issue of SWAN awaiting my attention. I have a small window of time before I leave for a quick trip to England to finalize plans for my Car Club to go over the end of May for three weeks. There is a lot of news I want to share with you, so here goes:

I've heard both through our Editor and from several of you that you'd like for me to put together something so that we can all be with each other during Mardi Gras 1989. I've arranged my schedule so that I can be in New Orleans during February 3rd through 8th, 1989, to spend Mardi Gras with you. As a matter of fact, I'll return to L.A. just in time to take a group off for my second annual Australian Gay Mardi Gras Tour, which will leave the following Saturday. Anyhow, I've started the ball rolling by securing a block of rooms (a total of 20) at **the Landmark Hotel on Rampart, near St. Ann--just inside the French Quarter. I have the rooms for five nights, starting February 3rd, giving us accomodations throughout the final five nights. The cost per room--all with 2 double beds-- is $125.00 per night, with $13.75 tax for a total of $138.75 per night (add $6 for first and last day porterage per person--2 to 4 people). I have put up a $2,000 deposit to secure the space and, for those of you who would like to join us, I'll need to receive a deposit of $150.00 per person no later than 7-1-88. Our deposits are fully refundable up to November 5th if you change your mind. They require that all rooms be paid for prior to arrival, so if you'd like to be with all of us *SWANEROS*, send in your check c/o SWAN and made out to TRAVEL ADVISORS. We'll be back to you to talk about your flights into New Orleans, so please include a phone number.**

As I said above, I've just returned from the RSVP Cruise to Nassau and Jamaica. The ship was full, the men were hot and the fun was unimaginable!! I already have the 1989 RSVP Brochure available with a total of four cruises for Gay men, February and March of 1989 (which includes the first West Coast departure) and a July Mediterranean trip, along with an October "Cruise to Nowhere" out of Miami. If you'd like the brochure, drop me a line or call me at the number shown in my ad in this issue.

I also mentioned earlier on that I was planning three departures that I would be personally escorting the balance of 1988. The first is a very special South of the Border Tour, featuring Mexico City, Lima and Cuzco (Peru) -- with a trip to Machu Pichu--and a three night cruise in comfort on the famed Amazon River. This trip departs August 12th. For those of you who may like something a little more conventional, Rev. Troy D. Perry is joining me in hosting a very special tour of Holland, Germany and the Holy Land. This one departs on October 17th and I can promise you some real surprises. Last, and by far, my favorite, is my Holiday Extravaganza, leaving the West Coast for Seoul, Hong Kong and a restful return via Honolulu. This trip will offer an excellent chance to Christmas Shop in the bargain bazaars of the Far East, with a few days to relax in the splendor of Hawaii. As you know, I was through this area the early part of December of last year and found some wonderful, out of the way bargain shopping. I hope some of you may be able to join me on one of these trips.

I received a note from William D.R. all the way from Tennessee, enclosing a delightful caricature of me and asking some interesting questions that I'd like to share with you. Bill is planning an overseas adventure in a Spanish speaking country and wants to live in Mexico for a time studying the language and culture. He asks about the school in San Miguel Allende and asks for general information. He is a SWANERO under forty that is attracted to those of us with "snow on the roof."

While The Institute Nacional de Belles Artes in San Miguel is certainly well known, there are several other schools there that are equally well thought of. I'd like to offer an alternate location, though, and that is Antigua, Guatemala. This city that traces its history back 600 years is also known for its language schools and, like San Miguel, you enhance your studies by living with a local family. The other great advantage I see (besides costs, which are even lower than Mexico) is that Antigua is very popular with Europeans, so you get an even more cosmopolitan experience.

I'm afraid that the other areas you ask about, I cannot be too forthcoming about. There is not what I would consider a decent or accurate gay guide that specializes in Mexico or the other countries of the region. ***Spartacus*** or ***Odysseus*** are still your best bets. The majority of gay men that travel to Mexico in search of partners are far more into "younger man" rather than "mature man" love and much that has been written panders to that interest. In Mexican society (as well as Central or South American culture), by the time a man reaches his mature years, he is married, has children, and in most cases, grandchilderen as well. Those who are involved in our scene are, to say the least, super discreet and are best met through personal contacts. The Hispanic culture is not totally devoid of "sympathy" and if one presents a reasonable and masculine demeanor, the average, well educated Hispanic will get the message. Boldness and/or aggression is frowned upon.

As to your similar questions about whether Tibet and India venerate age, I have no first hand knowledge of physical veneration in Tibet. I can assure you that mature men are sought after in India, though, usually by those that you might view as "competition."

To Bill E. in San Jose, California, I've enjoyed both of your letters. Thanks for writing, and to all of you, thanks too. I really try to keep up my personal responses but it is not alwqays possible. When I get back from England the first week in June, I expect to be home for about two months, so perhaps I'll get all caught up then. That's it until next time!

(continued from page 6)

Just prior to press time, we finally received our first subscription issue of the ***New York Native***, which was dated April 4, 1988. There was nothing new on the controversy, but there was definitely something new:

"A new disease is ravaging our country. An increasing number of people are no longer able to work, to care for their families or themselves. They suffer from fevers, sore throats, swollen lymph glands, depression, headaches, neurological dysfunction, memory loss, cognitive disorders. Some develop brain lesions; some, B-cell lymphoma. Pervading all these symptoms is an overwhelming exhaustion that leaves patients unable to lift a toothbrush, stand long enough to shower, or even get out of bed. These frightened, exhausted people deplete their savings in search of medical care. In desperation, they go from one physician to another, most of whom are unable to diagnose their illness or--even more devastating--pronounce it to be psychosomatic."

The disease is being called "Chronic Fatigue Syndrome" and, because of the lack of response from the medical community, a rapidly growing organization of patients and patient advocates has formed, called the National CEBV Association--now 12,000 paid members strong. This organization says that the illness does not stand alone, but is part of a group of immunosuppressive syndromes, including, but not limited to, AIDS and AIDS-Related Complex.

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WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

by PUG SNIDER

Very few guys know that I play the accordian. I haven't touched it in years. Then, all of a sudden, I'm given twenty-four hours notice to get my ass out to the coast to play at Jack's funeral. A complete stranger named David Chalmers is telling me that Jack is dead. The strong man. The athlete. All through college closer to me than any brother I ever had.

If I went on and on about him it would sound like a bigger deal than it was. Actually, as I look back, there was only a little fooling around between the two of us. But Jack was beautiful--everything I wasn't--and we were inseparable. He was my "first" and that's something a guy never forgets.

David Chalmers, as I mentioned, was unknown to me. Introducing himself over the phone, partly hysterical, partly Hollywood-British, he brought to mind a Liz Taylor, prostrate upon the lifeless body of a Richard Burton. Between sobs, it came out that David and Jack had been together for ten years. (Aside from hastily-scribbled notes on routine Christmas cards, I had never known what shape his adult life had taken.)

"Try for the earliest possible plane, Pug." This use of Jack's name for me came as a surprise, but David explained: "Going through Jack's things last night, I came across yearbooks, snapshots, letters. I feel that I already know you."

I was quiet for a moment, wondering ***which*** snapshots. I was thinking of July, 1972, and a canoe trip down the Iowa River, me with a morning hardon captured by Jack's camera. As if reading my mind, the bereaved one brightened considerably as he volunteered, "You're a complete opposite of Jack, aren't you, Pug?" And before I had a chance to take this as a slur, David added, "Except for the giveaway tan-line, one would take you for an Indian. A young Sioux brave."

"Don't be looking for a young Sioux brave. That was more than ten years ago," I reminded him, pretty sure which snapshot he had uncovered. "No more thirty inch waist. Hair going fast. Fifteen extra pounds."

"The non-essentials, dear boy, while ***certain*** things ***never*** change!" and that told me exactly which picture he was referring to. I felt a certain pride in that, even though I had never had Jack's outstanding good looks. I had one thing that was outstanding, however.

"Don't bother with too much," David cautioned. "Just something decent for the services. It's being unseasonably hot so we'll be ***au naturel*** around the pool most of the time."

I hadn't thought of it as a vacation but David's insistance that I stay on a few days lulled me into an opportunity of getting away from our lousy cold weather and maybe even picking up a little tan. I had never been west of Omaha and, when David mentioned that my fare would come out of Jack's estate, I was raring to go. "You're the first one I've called, Pug, and I've a dozen more to make. So many people. So little time!" but before he rang off, he reminded me, "Don't forget your accordian!"

Five o'clock next afternoon found me at the West Hollywood address, unchanged since Jack's first Christmas card. My cab had taken me through palm-lined avenues of big, fancy houses, past elegant hotels and smart shops, recognized from countless television serials. As we turned into Winterblossom Lane, I was struck by the rather ordinary sameness of the double row of 1920 bungalows, houses which, in Des Moines, would at best be described as "fixer-uppers." Main difference here was the profusion of exotic flowers, bricked-in front yards graced by nude cherubs, New Orleans wrought-iron, gas lamps, and incredibly handsome young men, stripped to the minumum, waxing Jaguars or BMW's or walking pampered animals.

A commanding figure in flowing caftan, half hidden by a jungle of purple bougainvillea, flagged down my cabbie, directing him to a porte-cochere designed in the days when cars were narrower. I could have alighted at the curb but I sensed that David preferred a formal arrival. Before I could pay, David had dispensed money and sent the dirver on his way. My single piece of luggage was deftly whisked away by a muscular young man as I was enveloped within the caftan and swept into a dusky interior. It was chilly, in spite of the heat of the late afternoon.

Breaking apart, we each stepped back, the better to survey host, the better to assess guest. "No, you're nothing at all like Jack. But then," my host considered, "neither am I!" And while he busied himself with a lamp here and there, rearranging sofa pillows, I had a chance

to evaluate Jack's partner. With some people it is the eyes. With some, the lips. Or the cut of the jaw. With this one, almost too loud and too large for the fairly small confines of the tasteful living room, I guess I was most impressed by the voice and the vast proportions concealed by the sort of Arabian costume. Aside from Jack's tacit approval of my half-way average appearance, his outspoken admiration had invariably been directed toward well-formed members of the swimming team and, where school functions demanded it, he was never seen with a girl who wasn't prom queen material. It was hard to picture Jack sharing a conjugal bed with this mountain of operatic theatricality. Under the challenging masculinity there was more than a touch of the ***diva***. And David was a good fifteen years older than either Jack or myself. But ten years together was a long time. Who was I to pick mates?

"A drink? Coffee? Food? Bath?" he offered. "It'll be ages before dinner." I declined, so he settled down next to me on the long couch, hemming me into the corner. He was a hand holder--or maybe it was just because I was visibly shivering. David radiated heat like a blast furnace and, though I am not given to hand holding on short notice, I found myself relaxing under his ministrations. He was a take-charger if ever there was one and I began to see what David and Jack had together to make a successful ten year partnership.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" David had jumped up to poke a little life into the faintly-glowing embers in the hearth. "Earlier I was sweating my balls off shopping around Beverly Hills for something to wear--for tomorrow. And by four in the afternoon, you can be freezing your ass off. That's California!"

In the meantime, young Craven, changed into tight black pants and black turtle-neck, came in with an additional log, eyeing me the way young California men inspect their elders fresh from the cornfields. My returning eye contact must have encouraged the young man, for he disposed of the log and perched on an arm of the couch. All in black, there was a sinister look about him, relieved only by the shock of blond hair he kept pushing back--and, surprisingly, his pale handsome features and un-tanned forearms suggested days spent inside rather than on the California beaches. He wore neither shoes nor socks. His feet and ankles were white. And noticeably well-shaped and cared-for. I wondered about his place in this household.

My unspoken question was answered by David: "Craven's been with us for two years. He came one morning to shampoo the carpets. But he never did. Instead, clever boy, he talked us into ripping them out and exposing the original oak flooring. That led to tearing out the Spanish arches and making one huge room of the living room and dining room. Jack made it possible for Craven to study at the Institute of Design." The biography was cut short when David rushed into the kitchen to see about the roast. "Jack was the ***real*** cook. I'll probably ruin it."

When David was out of earshot, Craven gave me a funny look, tamped out his cigarette, and said, "He'll probably ***burn*** it!" and gave me another funny look. Up until then, Craven hadn't said more than two words. He urged me up from the couch and said, "Look, while it's still light, let's go out and I'll show you the garden--and Jack's studio."

Beyond French doors, we stepped into a small but thoughtfully-planned area, screened from its neighboring yards by a high redwood fence. Most of it was taken up by an oval pool beyond which stood a shed with a bright blue door and a skylight roof. As we skirted the pool and the ever-popular umbrella table and metal chairs, Craven said, "I'm glad you're seeing it this way. So peaceful. Tomorrow it'll be very different. At least seventy-five people." Then we entered the blue door.

Jack had always been an artist of sorts and clever with his hands. The shed was truly the workshop of a man of genius. Floor, tables and shelves were all crammed with statues of various shapes and sizes. There were at least a dozen cherubs--obviously brothers of those I had seen in several front yards from my cab--and there were any number of "Davids," without figleaf. As I studied one, Craven said to me, "Would you believe that the David in the kitchen used to look like Michelangelo's David? I've seen old pictures." Tactfully, I answered, "Not really."

On the central worktable, directly under the skylight, stood a life-size headless male torso, anatomically perfect genitals illuminated by the last rays of the western sun. The clay was so fresh and moist that one had the feeling that the artist had only moments ago left his project. Without a face, or arms, or anything other than a cock and a pair of balls, the viewer is forced to focus on the obvious. I could only marvel and comment, "The artist knows his subject well. Old friends, to say the least!"

Had it not been for the increasing darkness, I might have detected a tear coursing

down the cheek of my guide. Craven fingered the damp clay and his voice was scarcely audible: "It's me."

I was glad that I had not made the flip remark--the standard "Wow!"--when one is too embarrassed to say, "Beautiful" or too ashamed to say, "Wish I had one like ***that!***" I was glad that I waited for Craven to speak.

"Jack was going to submit it to a group in San Francisco, but it's unfinished."

"Why not submit it as is?" I suggested.

Craven looked at me and I knew I had said the right thing. "Unfinished?" he asked.

"Unfinished."

"Like me." And he led the way back into the garden, where we sat on a stone bench. There was more to this young man than met the eye. Would he stay on as part of the household? Detecting a subtle animosity between him and David Chalmers, I somehow doubted that he would remain with David minus Jack. Why is it that as soon as someone dies, everyone--even the most disinterested of survivors--wonders about money? Jack had done well. David had more than once hinted at a fairly large estate. As far as one could see, David had done no more than start a play, start a novel, start a magzine article, never finishing anything. He had tried being a voice coach but he grew impatient with students who failed to imitate his own pseudo-London accent. One was left to wonder whether Jack's money would be left to David, enabling him to carry on as a gentleman of leisure, or would it be divided equally to enable the young protege to fulfil his promise?

Seated together on the bench, we had a view of the lighted kitchen where our host's caftaned figure floated from stove to sink to cupboard to fridge. For such a large man, David seemed to move with extreme grace. Then my attention was diverted when Craven took a last puff and dropped his cigarette to the brick paving, stamping it out with the heel of his bare foot. "I don't suppose the old queen has told you how Jack died? Or has he given you some shit about how peacefully he just slipped away?"

"Only that it was very sudden."

"Sure! And Jack would be alive today if ***she*** hadn't tried to play room service, bringing him his breakfast in bed, upsetting the fucking tray, spilling the Bloody Mary all over Jack--and the goddamn electric blanket!"

I heard of a similar incident years ago, one of the reasons why I never invested in an electric blanket, in spite of the frigid Iowa winters. I recalled the item about the salesman short-circuiting crisper than a bride's first attempt at French toast. The ugly scene faded as Craven sniffed, dabbed at a tear and asked, "Have you decided what you're going to play tomorrow?"

My repertoire was limited. And I was not really certain what would be appropriate. Certainly not "Beer-Barrel Polka," even though Jack and I had danced the polka like a couple of fools at many a Polish wedding. I decided to leave it up to Craven.

He replied unhesitatingly, "Somewhere Over The Rainbow." And I was happy. It was a favorite of mine. And Jack and I must have seen The Wizard three or four times. But hasn't every gay worth his salt?

Craven was as pleased as I was. "Would it be okay if I joined in with you? I...I sing a little. And that's one song I know by heart."

"Yes, Craven, I think that would be just the thing." Then we were interrupted by David's summons to dinner.

Caftan had been replaced by a fancy Mexican embroidered blouse and yellow linen slacks. David sat at the head of the table. I was at the foot and in between sat Craven, nearest the kitchen door so that he could fetch and carry. Sensing the strain between David and Craven, I had anticipated an uncomfortable session but I had no need to worry as the portable TV sat squarely in front of us and we had to watch a rerun of an old show featuring the trials and tribulations of a currently popular black family. This time they were learning to scuba dive in Hawaii, although I wasn't paying too much attention. Nor was Craven. David, however was enchanted.

Contrary to Craven's dire prediction, the roast was excellent, followed by the standard gay dessert, mousse. Washing up was taken care of by Craven while David and I retired to the couch and drinks before the nicely crackling fire.

"Nights are always cold here. And early mornings. And I'm afraid that back bedroom can be like Siberia, Pug."

I was all ready to refuse the offer of an electric blanket but fortunately the subject did not come up. As we sipped a liqueur and listened to a report of an imminent earthquake, punctuated by the sounds of pots, pans, and dishes, I caught occasional smatches of "Somewhere Over The Rainbow." Craven's voice was small, but true and clear. Maybe I should have been practicing ***my*** part of the deal.

A household in conflict is hard to assess. My loyalties shifted back and forth. Earlier, I

had been only too ready to agree with the kid that David was a laughable creature or, at worst, a clumsy dragon of lethal potential. No doubt David could play the Old Queen. However, in all fairness, there was a strength about him--more than a veneer of butchness--that made Craven seem like a weak imitation of Montgomery Clift. If Jack had spent ten years with this overweight, full-blown caricature, there ***had*** to be something very real and worthwhile. Being slight built, myself, I find I am easily swayed by men of larger stature. The broader chest, the thicker neck, the heavier thighs--an out-sized thumb suggestive of a similarly large bounty--all combine to command my respect. Sitting close to this man was very pleasant.

He could not have picked a more opportune moment to plead his case. I was comfortable, vulnerable, and more than ready to believe anything he might tell me. His trained voice was very easy on my midwestern ears. He filled my glass before he began: "I can well imagine that ***l'enfant terrible***, not withstanding his shyness, has filled you with pure fabrication as to the circumstances surrounding Jack's death. He should go in for fiction writing instead of interior decoration."

"He ***did*** mention there had been....an accident."

"That much is true. And that's why the casket will be closed tomorrow. There was a big argument this afternoon. Craven kept saying he couldn't stand to think of us all sitting around, staring at a box, Jack inside, shut away from light and air with a heavy metal lid closed over him. Kevin and Michael and Ronny--you'll meet them tomorrow--all of them agree with me. Closed casket."

David switched the subject to the earthquake. Craven had entered the room and was about to join us on the couch. He was about to sit next to me when David stopped him. "You've missed two days of classes as it is, so I suggest that you work on your project and we can drop it off at the Institute on our way to the services. Jack isn't here to crack the whip but you know he was expecting you to finish your project in time." With an almost inaudible "good night" and a shy, backward glance my way, Craven disappeared.

Craven's door closed and David and I were alone again. A night of mourning--almost like a wake, except that Jack's body was at a mortuary several miles away--hardly seemed like an appropriate occasion for the kind of closeness that David was presenting. On a ten foot long couch, there is really no need for two men to crowd at one end, thigh-to-thigh. We were looking through an old collection of photographs. The album covered my crotch and its penned-in erection, but my glance was riveted by the crotch next to me. The tight yellow fabric was too light to conceal the swollen cock. Unencumbered by underwear of any kind, the big man's shaft was likewise unencumbered by foreskin. A heavy round head topped a fat rod of flesh. My hand lay atop the bulk of it as I turned a page. I could have withdrawn but David's hand rested on mine as he leaned closer to point out an old snapshot of the two of them--he and Jack barbequeing in the nude--and that's when I feigned a yawn and eased up from my corner. "I'm still on Iowa time. Two hours later. Think I'll turn in." I was still hard and he saw it. He was equally hard but he rose too.

He kissed me--a host's kiss--and he busied himself with turning out lights, assigning me towels, leading me to the last of three bedroom doors and, finally, turning down my bed. I had supposed he was leaving but he sat on the bed as I hung things in the closet. I had slipped out of my shirt, stepped out of my pants, and hesitated about shucking my jockey shorts, when I turned around and saw David, stripped, smiling, and waiting, his massive body resting like an island on a sea of blue sheets. Unlike the flagpole at Iwo Jima, David's proud pole needed no men to hoist it. It stood all by itself. I have seen cocks, and cocks, and pictures of cocks. And I have heard stories about cocks. But that was, without a doubt, the first time I had ever witnessed, at close range, anything approaching such monumental grandeur. Attached snug at the base of the man's powerfully-structured organ, was a pair of bull nuts, clearly defined with a scrotum strangely dark against the golden tan of the overall flesh tones. Men over a certain age, when they look like ***this***, should not have to wear clothing. Maybe too heavy for the current fashion, stripped down to what really matters, there are certain guys--even in their fifties--who can make some young hunks look like undeveloped clones. What I am probably trying to convey is that men of David's age and build have a distinction that is all too often lacking in the slim youths we set our sights on.

In two seconds I was bare and astride him. Possibly because I was so impressed with the merchandise up front, I had not immediately realized that there was a Greek department that was equally seductive. To go back to what I was

Pocket Pool
'85

saying, the overripe buttocks may have been too much for today's tight-ass jeans--but bare and in bed, they promised a sailor's dream of velvet oblivion. When David maneuvered himself into a position where his strong calves locked across my back, I was introduced to the delights of a secret hole which pulled me in swiftly, then tightly resisted, relaxed, tightened, grabed every nerve, all the while rotating under me, finally hitting a pace demanding reckless driving toward a cliff and a sudden plunge that let both of us fly clear of total destruction. My own release, hidden in the depths of a cavern momentarily illuminated by fireworks, came simultaneously with David's. The head of my partner's prick extended well past my chest. As I rose slightly, I was able to view the open slit emitting a flood of cum in five or six distinct jets. Freed from the embrace of his legs, I collapsed onto the ample stomach and chest, slippery with his cum. Both his cock and mine, semi-hard, mingled as our crotches repeated the remembered rhythm.

David was first to speak: "I was wrong. You're a ***lot*** like Jack. I've never cum that way with anybody but Jack."

I was about to add my own critique of the performance but my ears were attuned to the sound of footsteps in the hall. Still atop David, I glanced aside and saw Craven, standing over us. He was naked except for an orange t-shirt, emblazoned with TIJUANA across the chest. It wasn't quite long enough to cover all of the extra-long dick dangling between his long pale legs. He gave each of us a look I will never forget. It was mean. Full of hurt. And wild. All he said was, "SHIT!" but, before he turned and left us, there was the start of a healthy hardon only partially concealed by his orange t-shirt.

There is hardly time enough to tell you about the funeral. Or Craven's and my duet at graveside. He sang beautifully. And I thought I played reasonably well. Kevin and Michael and Ronny all cried like paid professional mourners. I didn't stay for the party. Instead I got an afternoon plane back to Cedar Rapids.

A month later, I got a card from David, saying Craven got the house AND the money. It was postmarked Lost River, Idaho.

SWAN

PUBLICATION POLICIES

SWAN offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations, but we can surely get you noticed and we can pay you in other ways.

SWAN seeks works that hold the older man in a positive light. They can be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

a. Cartoons
b. Short Stories (not more than 10 pages)
c. Drawings (no larger than 8 x 10)
d. Poetry
e. Essays (not more than 3 pages)
f. Articles (health, reviews, current events, how-to guides, gossip, etc)
g. Photographs (full portrait, undisguised preferred. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Action photos considered for special issues only. Releases required for all photographs)

<u>Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or beastiality will not be considered.</u>

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in SWAN copies, subscriptions or special issues. Unsolicited manuscripts of novels, novellas, screenplays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted.

ANGRY THAT WE HAVEN'T ANSWERED YOUR LETTER? DID YOU SEND ALONG A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE? PLEASE HELP US CUT OUR COSTS.

I WAS JUST THINKING

by Bill Harris

America seems to have a Hall of Fame for everything except sex. And why not one of those? I know who you are thinking about--Rudolph Valentino, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Harry Reems, Jean Harlow. The Hall of Fame I am thinking about would include Gordon, Ed, Jim, Frank and John.

Oh, yes, Gordon, that dirty little nine-year-old kid! He was the sexy third grade companion of mine who opened to me the exciting world of masturbation when I was the same age. He may have been my first crush. While I had already discovered that it was more fun to play with my dick than with my toes or ear lobes, it was Gordon who showed me how to pump it until some wonderful sensation entered my groin area that made it feel like a dynamite blast was taking place in my lower innards somewhere. Gad, what a sensation! Gordon, wherever you are and in case you're wondering, I'm still following your teachings, though now there is a geyser that accompanies that explosion and has added a grand dimension to the experience.

No hall of fame would be complete without Ed. Because of fear that I might be straight and unapproving, he and his cadre of three wonderfully lascivious cocksuckers went through months of patient movement through an ever-so-gradual process of introducing me to the grand and glorious world of cocksucking. And what a world it has proved to be! Hours of planning must have gone into their strategy sessions in raising such milestone questions as "What can we do today to bring Bill closer to capitulation?" The only thing they underestimated was my eagerness to get on with the process. But, in retrospect, the gradual unfolding of the advances made my induction into the world of cocksucking an exciting and beautiful memory.

A place of prominence in my Hall of Fame must go to Jim, that sexagenarian who taught me the wonders of maturity. I learned that there is a mellowing with aging that enhances the enjoyment of sex in so many ways. Jim showed me that sex should not be hurried--sex should be savored like gourmet cuisine, not devoured like fast food. He showed me how the aging process makes the body more exciting: the tits and nipples become larger (um-m-m-m), the balls get bigger and looser and more easily consumed, the ass and cock are more pliable and more capable of lasting pleasure. But most of all, aging seems to produce a more realistic assessment of what is important: the older man has learned to cope with the undesirable and to appreciate the desirable and to sort out the two. There is no substitute for experience. Ever been gummed? Pity the poor guy who never met and had sex with a Jim.

And there was Frank, who taught me that there is no such thing as too much where sex is concerned. In his wild, tempestuous approach to the art of sexual fulfillment, he revealed to me that, when all is freely given, there are no non-erogenous zones of the body. There is no perversion as long as whatever happens is part of a completely uninhibited let-it-all-hang-out sex experience. He taught me that pain can be a great sexual enhancement when it is the natural outgrowth of no-holds-barred sex. Our spanking, biting, pinching contained no role playing. It was just total involvement of all our resources in a no frills, vulgar if you will, uninhibited, wild release of passion and raw sex. Did every component of my entire body ejaculate, or did it only seem that way?

And no Hall of Fame would be complete without John. John is the one who brought together the contributions of Gordon, Ed, Jim, Frank--and, yes, Gilbert, Bob and Bruce and all the other hundreds of hot, horny guys who contributed to the building of the composite sexual being that I am today. John added those final brush strokes that make a painting into a masterpiece. I'm speaking of such elements as compassion, love, caring, understanding, support, patience. As one song writer so aptly expressed it, "You're nobody 'till somebody loves you."

So let them build a Hall of Fame to the sex gods and goddesses. Let them use marble and stained glass windows and sculpture. Mine is a Hall of Fame that no one pays to enter; it is not listed in the AAA Travel Guide; there is no mortality. It is mine, though, and it tops every Hall of Fame in the world, except perhaps yours.

THE ROVING SKEPTIC

by XYLOPHANG

A friend of mine sent a SWAN bulletin to an acquaintance and got back an indignant reply about being REVOLTED at the sight of "fat" gay men. It reminded me of a very dull, yet large party I went to not long ago in San Jose. I decided to count the number of derisive "names" I heard used in the course of the evening--names like ***MISS PIGGY*** (fat), ***DOROTHY KILGALLEN*** (no chin), ***AHAB*** (Muslim), ***PRAYING MANTIS*** (thin and homely), ***PUNCHING BAG*** (S & M), ***PANCHO*** (Latin), ***EGGHEAD*** (Professor) and ***JOCK BREATH*** (gum disease).

Why does "humor" have to be at the expense of someone else? Why can't gays be more compassionate toward one another and save the jokes for themselves? How much intelligence does it take to project yourself into someone else's shoes? An alcoholic's father, grandfather and two uncles die of alcohol related diseases and you whisper that he's a "**DRUNK**?" A skinny friend can eat anyone under the table, but his lover spends a fortune on weight loss plans, only to find that his metabolism is fucked up and his body stores fat after receiving just 1500 calories. And you refer to him as a "**FAT SLOB**?" A gay black man, born in a tenement in Cabrini-Green in Chicago (and almost killed, trying to avoid joining a gang and has the broken bones to prove it), works his ass off and becomes a responsible citizen and neighbor. And, ten feet away from him, you tell a Black joke and obliviously yell the word, "**NIGGER**?" Your friend invites this guy to accompany him to your house for dinner. His Japanese-American parents lost everything they had during World War II when they were rounded up and sent to an internment camp. He was born in Santa Ana and made straight A's in high school. You make him feel unwelcome and, behind his back, you call him a "**JAP**." You read my column and bristle at my remarks about religion and politics and you call me a "**COMMIE**?" Not to mention the awesome amount of young gay men who absolutely detest the sight or company of anyone over the age of 40.

Yeah....You, who belong to the most hated, ridiculed, slaughtered, oppressed and feared minority ever known--you have to feed your fragile ego with prejudice. Look around you, fellas. We are all gay men and we have a whole lot in common. More, we will always be a despised minority unless we stop and classify our differences in skin color, metabolism, age, alcohol tolerance, religion, politics, mannerisms--and any of the countless other "things" about someone which we cannot stand--as what they are: **MEANINGLESS.**

If you absolutely **must** hate someone to elevate your own ego, I recommend hating your true, worst enemy: the reactionary, religious right. Hating your gay brothers manages only to weaken all our positions. You are merely playing into the hands of your real enemy, who has succeeded in dividing us and causing us to loath one another, as well as ourselves. If only we could see the stupidity in our prejudices and overcome them long enough to join forces and do something about our sad state of affairs. If we could only form an alliance with lesbians, straight minorities, feminists, liberals and the ever increasing numbers of homeless poor, we'd see some pretty incredible things. Picture: George Bush, mugging for the camera as he inspects an AIDS hospice and tells how he will correct his predecesor's "benign neglect."

We live in the real world, though, don't we? The real world, where lots of straight Blacks and feminists hate gays and lesbians; and lots of Asians and Mexicans hate Blacks; and just about everyone hates the homeless poor; and my gay friend in New York detests ANYONE under 50. Good luck, guys.

ESSAY

BY KENN RICHIE

SELFISH FEAR?

The man in the next hospital bed suddenly shouted an obscenity at the top of his lungs. It was his opinion of a sports play on the near silent television above the crowded ward's door.

The nurse, who was removing an I V needle from my arm, offered a startled little scream, and I jumped a few inches off my bedsore butt as well. The tube that had emptied its cargo of medication and had backed up a few inches, pink with blood, yanked suddenly between us. The needle flew from my arm and stabbed the nurse in the thigh like a dart.

I did not fail to appreciate the look of cold terror in her eyes. She may have, in fact, been injected with my blood. These are the 1980's. I know what she was thinking. "I'm glad I took the AIDS test on the way in," I said, simply, "and, that it was negative."

Her expression changed. Now there was time to react to the freakish improbability of the accident, and there was a majestic finger gesture for the man who shouted. Even so, it was clear that the first thought for both of us was that the flying needle might have exposed her to the medical nightmare of our times. It is easy to be afraid in a climate of fear.

In the state of California (and, probably, in most states), an incoming hospital patient is offered the test for antibodies to HTLV-III on a voluntary basis. By state law (AB403), "No person shall test a person's blood for evidence to the probable causitive agent of AIDS without the written consent of the subject." The consent form clearly states (should the physician fail to do so), that the test's reliability is uncertain, and that it is purely a voluntary option on the part of the patient to consent.

California law also prohibits the physician from disclosing the result to any third party without further written consent. In my case, things were done by the book, and the nurse is unaware of possible AIDS victims, if any, among her many patients. I thought of how the fear of such remote accidents as ours must haunt her constantly, and felt great relif that I was able to give her that immediate assurance. Indeed, I was glad I had consented to that test, but I now had a new question to ask of the doctor. "Are there many incoming patients who decline?"

"Too many," the concerned young doctor answered. "Too many with the wrong reasons, like ignorance or selfish fear."

I was curious as to what he meant by "selfish fear," but we spoke a bit first of ignorance. He spoke of the sexually active young people, from minority areas especially, but from every school and street in America, who were not being given the facts about the disease. Instead, they are filled with ideas that are fed by prejudice, rumor and hysteria. "Many of them still think it's a gay disease exclusively and that their macho pride is better protection than a condom," he moaned. "You can't just put a stack of pamphlets written with carefully polite English words on the desk of some library in the barrio and expect them to be read. Even if they were, you say things like 'anal-digital stimulation' and the kids won't know what the fuck you're talking about!"

We sadly agreed that government was failing to provide needed education on the subject, but saw some hope from outside organizations, most of them desperate for more volunteers.....and donations. I was curious, however, as to what he meant by "selfish fear."

"You consented to the test without hesitating..."

"It was convenient. I've been meaning to do it in any case."

"How would you feel if it was done without your consent? Because we have access to the labs, some doctors and hospitals may be testing without your knowledge, and with none of the legal safeguards requiring counselling, secrecy or any other protection."

"I'd be upset to say the least," I mumbled, feeling a chill of fear that I did not regard as selfish at all. "I'd raise hell over such an invasion of my rights. My God, what if the damned thing falsely read positive. It says on the consent form that it's not all that reliable, and..."

"There'd be no one to even counsel you about it, not if it meant admitting to doing it illegally. That sort of thing is as dangerous as the ideas of LaRouche or those other idiot advocates of mandatory testing."

"I wouldn't call that a selfish fear."

"I wouldn't either. The people I was talking about are the ones who, as they put it,

'would rather not know.' They could run around infecting their friends and lovers out of a selfish fear of facing the possibility, of dealing with their own mortality, as it were. I call that a wrong reason to decline. But, I understand those who are concerned for their rights and the rights of others. As long as there's a threat of non-consenting testing with none of the safeguards, then, perhaps there should be no testing at all. What would that do to halt the spread of this thing?"

"Ignorance and fear sure go together nicely," I sighed as I was left to give the question a bit more thought than I had when I so quickly gave my consent.

The test is imperfect, but at this time, it is one of the few tools we have to try to stem the spread of the disease. Yes, it might take a little courage to be tested, but the war against the plague can't be won by cowards. At this time, the test is available to those who want it, and it is available on an optional basis to incoming hospital patients, where it's done properly with the full protection of the law.

If that policy is discontinued, due to having too few patients consent to warrant printing the consent forms, then I would seriously worry about the dangers of people being tested without their knowledge. The greatest need, obviously, is to step up the education programs and support them fully, so some poor teenage punk doesn't think he's being "accused of being a fag" when it's offered.

At the same time, there seems to be a need for gay people to explore and question any of their own fears of being tested. Are they selfish fears?

I'm glad I took the test.

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THE POETRY OF RAPTOR

Wildflowers

"Wildflowers," he said, "that's what we are."
No greenhouse grown, climate controlled,
Imperfect perfection.
Raised on storms, and shaped by them,
We grew to be friends.

To look at us, who would have known?

The sun was high, the earth was warm,
And the nights were hot.
Chance....it was chance.
We both wanted him, he was everything
A man should be.
But, he liked the color of your eyes,
So chance chose you, instead of me.

Poetic justice? Is there justice
In dying before your time?
To be sentenced to death,
Because you have beautiful eyes?
And while I sat content,
My love for a friend comforting me,
You were letting chance murder you
In your own bed.

Lack of knowledge killed my friend.
That, and neglect.
Yes, NEGLECT,
From a government so self-absorbed
With their "media stand" on Human Rights,
That their pride has allowed them
To believe it is a reality.

While Wildflowers continue to die...

We must learn to care about each other.
Some will have to start by liking
Themselves a little more.
If we don't, it's just a matter of time.
Please do your part, to help tend the garden.

LEGAL EAGLE

THOUGHTS FROM "YOUR" LAWYER

Guys living in a relationship or having special ties to another guy, suffer special problems when it comes to the law. Even in those so-called "enlightened" states where you can't go to jail for making love to another guy in private, the courts are not particularly anxious to protect your special needs and interests involving the relationship. Anything from as simple a right as visiting your life partner in the hospital when he's stricken, to handling funeral arrangements when the end arrives (or even attending a funeral or memorial service), can be threatened. More mundane problems arise concerning property--either when a split occurs, or upon death.

I'd like to cover some of these issues --not to give an all-knowing answer, but to help you be alert to the possibility of problems, and in so knowing, perhaps helping you to protect your interests and those of your best friend.

SWAN's editor pointed out how important it is to have a "Durable Power of Attorney" when illness strikes. This is a fairly simple document designating your partner as the one to make decisions for you anytime you are unable to make them yourself. This applies during a coma, periods of mental illness, times you are temporarily "out of touch," or virtually any other time you can't give rational directions to your health care provider. Most states now recognize such a document.

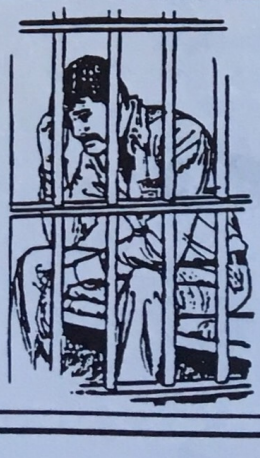
Without such a DURABLE power, "next of kin" can take over, exclude your lover from the hospital or other care facility, direct medical (and mental) treatment for you, including in some cases "care" to cure what you don't consider an illness. But even a durable power of attorney does nothing after your death!

Should you care? How would you feel if, after sharing life with a partner for 10 years, through good times and bad, you are suddenly told that his family will make the funeral arrangements, and you should "butt out?" And they kick you out of the house or apartment you've been sharing for ten years. And they prove you have no right to share in the goods bought during the partnership, since they were all bought in "his" name, not yours.

Do you still think you don't need a will, because you don't have enought to fight over?

If anyone is interested in dealing with such problems, I'm willing to provide some general guidance. I can't give specific legal advice on individual legal problems, but will cover general principles, and give some guidance or direction. If you'd like a personal answer, write me at SWAN with a self-addressed, stamped business sized envelope. If you'd like a topic covered in the magazine, let us know, and we'll see how best to meet your needs.

Meantime, you ought to take advantage of one great offer from the ACLU; they publish a periodical, "Rights of Gay People." You can find it in better bookstores, or call the American Civil Liberties Union in major cities and ask them where you can find a copy.



He's Gay, in prison — and lonely as hel

So who cares.

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An international penpal organizati
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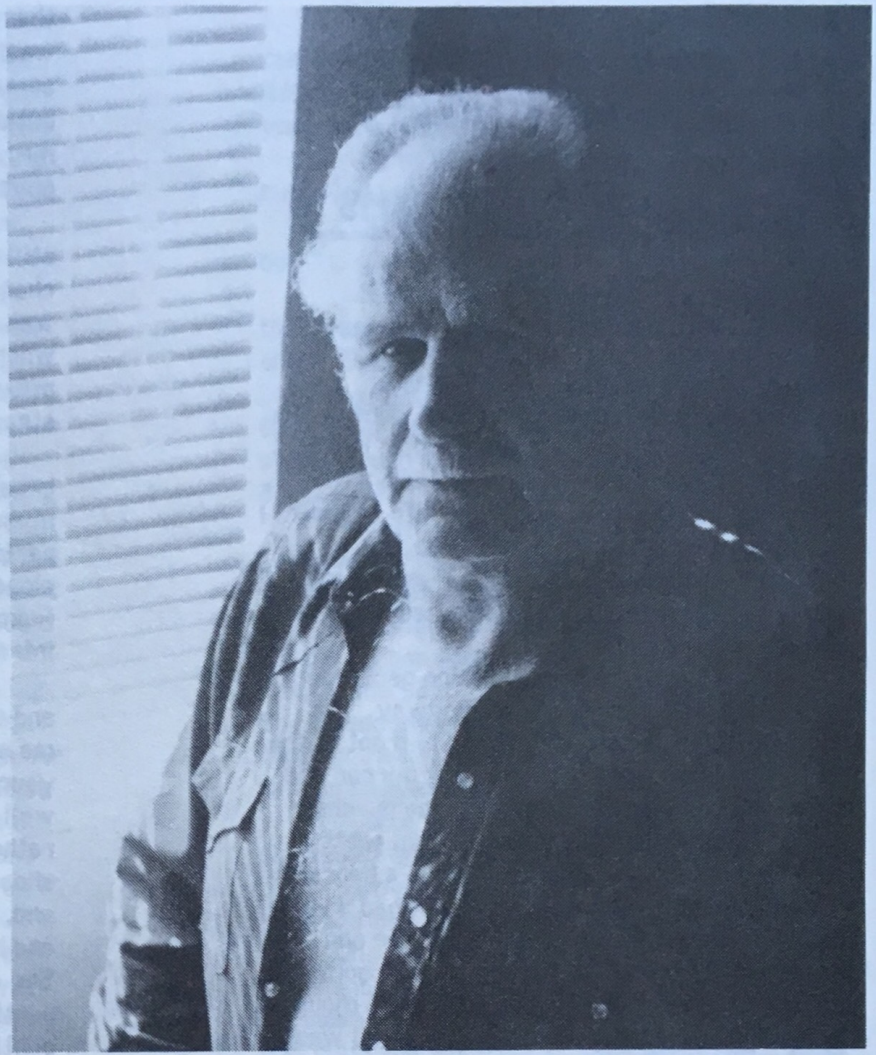
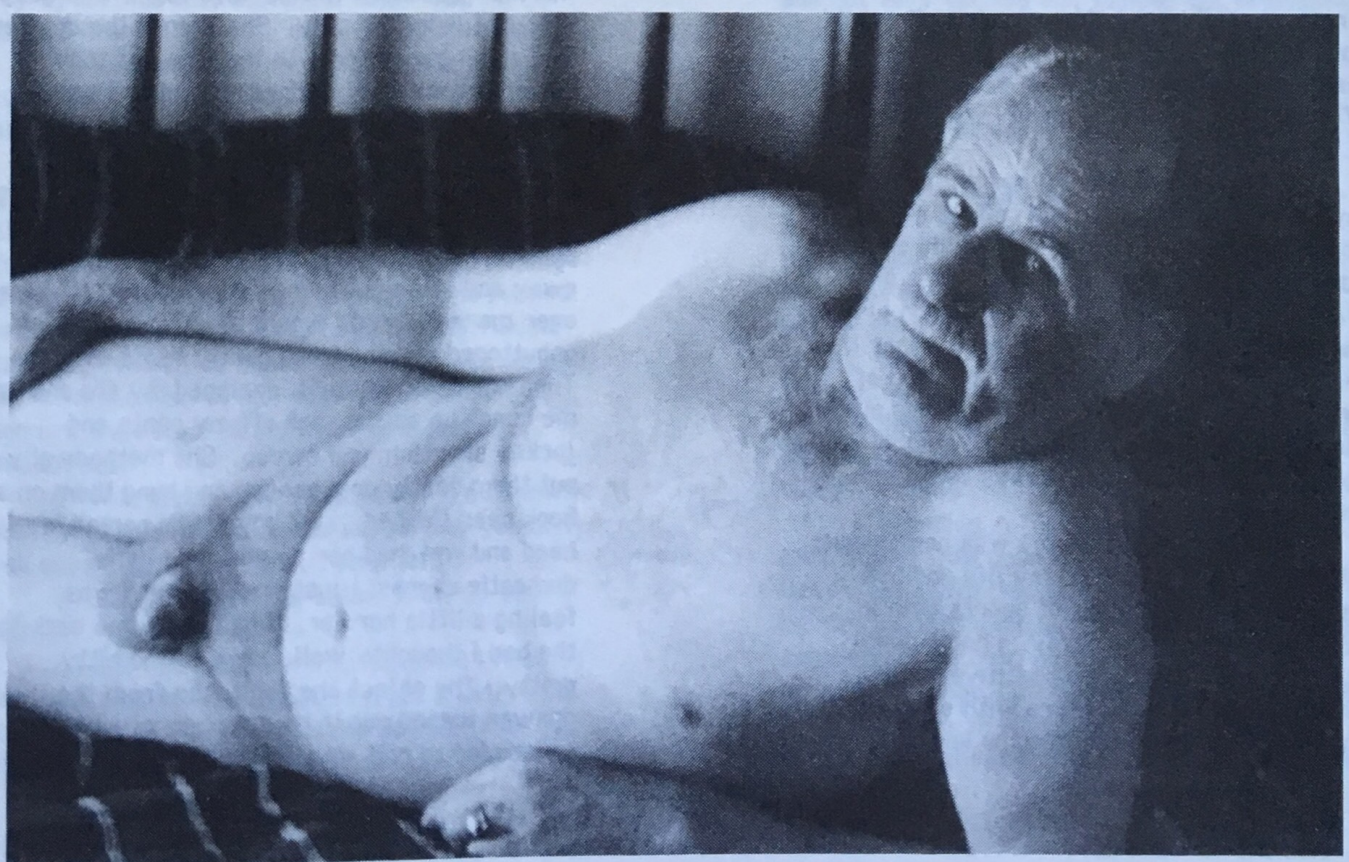




AMSTERDAM NIGHTS

by JASON P. WILLIAMS

I felt like I was running a 103 degree temperature I was so embarrassed. One of the best looking prostitutes in Amsterdam had just asked me if I preferred making it with a boy. I've never blushed like that in my life. I mean, I was lying there without a stitch on, my betrayer cock flaccid as a dead fish, and my whole body looked and felt like a neon sign, it was so red and flushed.

I was only in this situation because of a dare. Goddamn peer pressure anyway. My Army buddies had stood with me in front of the picture window with the rearview mirror and urged me on; even chipping in on the purchase price. Behind the glass was a young, pretty woman in an evening gown sitting in a brocaded Victorian chair. She was young but had a very knowing and professional air about her and her come-hither smile was pasted on with some effort. But she looked good to me and I thought I just might be able to make it with her. I was 23 years old and had been in the Army almost three years and, believe it or not, I was still a virgin. I really don't think my friends would have believed it either. First of all, nobody, at least a male, is still a virgin at 23--especially after being in the Army for 2-3/4 years. But it was true.

I had never been to bed with a girl in all my years in high school and college. I had had opportunities but I was strong willed enough to admit to myself that, well hell, I just didn't want to. I was never really turned on by even the sweetest girls so I never got further than the initial fumbling at tits and, a couple of times, a furtive hand on a fully clothed pussy. I thought I was just sexually backward, or maybe completely asexual, and always felt in control with women.

I really didn't think I was homosexual either. I'd been a jock all my life and had participated in a variety of sports both in school and now in the Army. I had a good athlete's body and the competitive spirit to match. I had taken showers with every kind of physical type you could imagine and treated them to nothing more than a casual glance. I wasn't dumb enough to have missed completely some appreciative glances that came my way but dismissed them as having nothing to do with me. I was as dispassionate about the male physique as I was about the female.

But secretly I thought it was crazy to still be a virgin at 23. So, I thought, here's my chance and nobody will ever need to know if it was a big flop. If I put myself in a situation where the sole purpose was to get my rocks off, with no distractions, I could break the strangle hold my virginity had on me.

So I went into the lion's den with a great deal of my usual confidence, in charge of myself, as usual, with a woman. But this particular woman soon changed that. As she closed the curtains on the window and hid us from the prying eyes of my friends she introduced herself as Helga and asked my name.

I told her my name, stepped up to her and tried to take her in my arms. She pushed me away and said, "Sit on the bed and take off your shoes and socks." She spoke English very well and her accent identified her as German, rather than Dutch. While I was removing my shoes and socks she went over to a small sink and, with her back to me, removed her gown and hung it carefully on a hook next to the sink. She only had on a small black bra and black lace panties and she immediately slipped out of the panties. She washed her crotch thoroughly and carefully and patted herself dry. I suppose a "normal" customer would have found this sexy. I thought it looked silly. She opened the drawer of a small bureau next to the sink and took something out of it, turned around and came over to the bed. She was only wearing the black bra and her tits bulged over the top. I was finding the situation extremely interesting but that was all. When she reached my side I put out my arms but she pushed them gently away and told me to lie back and relax. If I was ever more relaxed I would be asleep. She unbuttoned my shirt and gently removed it. Then she undid my belt, unzipped my fly and had me hunch up as she took off my pants and jockey shorts in one swoop. She methodically put them neatly on a hanger and hung them on a hook near the bed. I put my hands behind my head and watched her do all these little domestic chores; I just wished that I was feeling a little hornier. When she came back to the bed I thought: well, down to the nitty gritty. The object she had taken from the drawer turned out to be a rubber which she proceeded to roll onto my soft cock. I tried to

reach for her again to at least get a little foreplay in and she again pushed me down. So I laid back and let her have her way. She immediately started sucking my cock. She was obviously an expert but with the rubber taking away some of the feeling and without one bit of foreplay or even the sham of "pretend" love, there was no way I was going to get a hard-on. She kept slurping away at the rubber but otherwise didn't touch me. I petted her head a little and sort of drowsed along and thought about life back at the barracks in Baumholder, Germany. I thought of my buddy, Sergeant Mack, and the grabass we indulged in all the time in the office. He was about 40 and lifted weights so he had huge arms and shoulders and chest but he drank German beer by the gallon so he had a huge beer gut too. Sort of your classic picture of what a career Army sergeant should look like. I was a clerk (a titless WAC they called us) in the company office and he was our boss. We mostly didn't wear dress unifroms and were allowed to wear just t-shirts with our fatigues and I was always grabbing his muscles and his love handles and threatening to fuck his fat ass someday. He would smack my ass and tell me to get back to work or he would sit on my face. In my reverie of Mack, my cock started to get fluffed up and Helga really went to work on me. I snapped back to where I was (a whorehouse in Amsterdam, for God's sake) and immediately went soft again.

She picked her head up and looked into my eyes, blue into blue, and said, "You shouldn't drink so much before you come here."

I assured her I had very little to drink, just a couple of beers and she said, "Well, you shouldn't go to another girl first."

I told her she was my first and she assumed I meant the first of the evening but I didn't enlighten her. She sighed, got off her knees and moved up my body, ending up sitting up straddling my crotch with hers. She rubbed around a bit with her pussy against my flaccid cock, again with no result. She still wouldn't let me make love to her and when I plucked at her bra she removed my hand with some impatience.

This annoyed me and I said, "You know I paid for the privilege of making love to you and you aren't giving me what I paid for."

She grimaced and said, "What do you want?"

"It's not what I want, it's what I need. I can't get a hard-on without at least a little loving thrown in. I'm not some dog that can get it up just by being touched."

She laughed, a clear bell-like sound, and caressed my chest with the tips of her fingers. "No, you are not a dog, but I think I know what you really want."

"What?" I said, thinking of Seargeant Mack and his bulging t-shirt.

"I think what you need and want is a boy."

It was like she had read my mind and that was when I blushed like an embarrassed child. She really laughed then, swaying her body and making her long blonde hair, and her tits in the black bra, sway with her. "Oh, my sweet young American G.I., you have a problem don't you?"

Finally, her smile was genuine and she radiated warmth and concern. She enthusiastically hopped off my unresponding body and snuggled into my arms. She snatched off the rubber and threw it on the floor. "Well," she said, "we won't need this will we?" She kissed my cheek and started to rub my chest and belly, twirling her fingers in my pubic hair as she passed by.

"Who were you thinking of when you started to get hard there for a moment?"

I thought about lying to her but thought, what the hell, and told her about Mack. She said, "Oh, I see, you don't really want a boy, you want a daddy, don't you?" I told her that I did indeed want a man but I didn't think "daddy" was quite the word for it. She asked me if I had ever been with a man before and when I said no she got very excited and jumped out of bed, slipped on a short skirt and thong sandals and said, "Honey, I have a surprise for you," and went to the door at the back of the room.

"Wait a minute, what are you going to do?"

"Never mind, honey, I'm doing a favor for a friend of mine and I'm doing you a favor too." She slipped out the door, leaving it ajar, and I saw her bounce up the stairs and out of sight. I heard her knock on a door and say, "Karl?" and the sound of a door opening and closing. Well, what the fuck, I thought, and snuggled into the rumpled bed and dozed a little bit. About ten minutes later, I heard a gruff voice. "Hullo?"

Standing in the doorway was a huge man, easily 280 pounds, about six feet tall. Brown eyes twinkled at me in the dim light as he stepped in and closed the door. A blue work shirt was stretched tautly over a broad chest and belly. Large, rough looking hands protruded from rolled up sleeves. Brown suspenders bridged the valleys of his huge front, holding up

dark work pants over large brogans. A froth of black/grey hair sprang from the neck of his open shirt. He was handsome in spite of, or maybe because of, the chubby cheeks and wide brow. His "Friar Lawrence" salt and pepper hair highlighted the strong planes of his bald head. He could have been anywhere from 45 to 60 but it didn't matter, his body exuded health and a definite robust sexuality. He was obviously of Italian descent and, as he flashed a sweet smile, his white teeth stood out in contrast to his swarthy complexion. As he crossed the room toward me I moved to cover myself with the sheet. He stooped over me and pulled the sheet away and sat on the bed next to me. The bed squeaked dangerously and he gingerly moved a little further onto it. "Leave the sheet off, I want to look at you," he said. He was as American as you or me! Very Italian looking but definitely American.

He put his big left hand on my belly and gently rubbed down and around my pubic hair. He leaned over and caressed my face with his right hand and said, "God, you're gorgeous," and kissed me gently on the lips. His tongue barely touched the opening of my lips and my heart started beating so hard I started to tremble. Also, my cock immediately stood at attention! It all happened so quickly my dick and balls started to ache and I realized I wanted this man so much I was dizzy from this new emotion. His roving hand brushed against my 7 inches of throbbing uncut cock and he grasped it firmly in his strong hand and squeezed, bringing a moan to my lips. He hitched his body down and took my entire cock in his mouth and the bed screeched in protest at the movement of his bulk. I felt like screeching myself but I could only gasp for breath.

He sucked vigorously on my cock for no more than ten seconds (I was climbing the walls!) then raised his head and looked up at me. "I think we'd better go upstairs to my place before we break Helga's bed," he said, "and she needs it more than we do." He looked into my eyes and I noticed he was breathing hard himself and not just from the exertion of sucking my cock. His desire for me was as naked as my body. "Okay?"

"Okay." I could hardly get the word out.

"These your clothes?" He indicated the hanger with his hand.

"Yeah."

He got up from the bed and took them down. "Here, just put on your pants. You won't need the rest just to go up one flight." He picked up my shoes and socks, handed me my pants, and draped my shirt and shorts over his arm. He waited while I put them on and held the door for me to the stairwell. I wondered if my buddies were still waiting for me outside. I mentioned this to him and he told me they had wandered off at least a half hour before. He had watched them from his window.

I calmed down enough to wonder just what I had gotten myself into but Karl had turned me on too much (for the first time in my life) to stop now. I wanted more of him and vowed I would go through with whatever he wanted from me. I had a feeling he wouldn't make me do anything I didn't want to do but, actually, the way I was feeling I was ready for anything. I might as well go whole hop the first time, I thought, as I followed Karl up the stairs.

His big rump was an amazing sight at eye level and some people probably would think he was grossly overweight but I thought his thick thighs and heavy masculine butt were the most exciting, sexy things I had ever seen. Admittedly, Karl was basically a big, fat man, but he had a lot of muscle tone and was tremendously masculine. He was big all over, which made his huge gut fit his general proportions perfectly. He was very light on his feet and handled the flight of stairs with a great deal of agility and was not at all short of breath when we reached the next landing. It may sound like I'm trying to apologize for thinking this big, rotund man tremendously attractive; that's not it at all. he was genuinely a handsome hunk of masculinity. I think it helped that he was as horny as I was so he exuded sexual need from every pore. We could smell the sex on each other and both of us couldn't wait to be alone and safe in the privacy of his room.

He opened the door to the apartment directly above Helga's and held it open for me to go through. He followed me into the room , then closed and carefully locked the door behind him. As he turned, I threw myself at him. My arms went around his neck and I crushed my lips to his. His big, beefy arms enclosed me roughly and he hugged me so hard it made me gasp. Our mouths opened wide and our tongues explored each other wildly and deeply. He sucked my tongue as deep into his throat as it would go and then drove his own tongue into my mouth. Our teeth clicked together and our lips were in danger of being bruised, we were kissing so hard. His hands roughly rubbed my bare back and kneaded my ass almost cruelly. My hard cock was pressed into his belly and it was literally aching with need. I brought my knee up

between his legs and could feel his dick through his trousers, as hard as a rock, against the front of my thigh. I started to pant and mewl like a kitten, and I was afraid I was going to come right then. We hungrily swallowed each other's tongues and I tried to put my arms around his shoulders to hug him closer. He brought his hands up to the sides of my head and gently pulled me away from his lips and looked deeply into my eyes.

"Oh, God, Karl," I gasped.

"I know," he said. "This is really special."

He put his arm around my shoulder and turned me into the room and we walked together towards the unmade bed. I only had eyes for him and didn't notice any of the particulars about his apartment until much later. He sat me down on the edge of the bed and knelt on the floor in front of me. He gently undid my belt and unbuttoned my fly. I leaned forward and he pulled my pants down around my ankles, then kicked them off and sat down again. Still on his knees he stared at my hard, throbbing cock and slowly put his hand to it. He rubbed it against my belly with his open palm and said, his deep voice breaking with emotion, "Oh, Jesus." He buried his head into my chest and belly, pulling my body toward him with his huge hands. He hugged me close and I curved my body forward and hugged his head, laying my cheek against his hair, ruffling it with my hands, breathing in the clean, dry smell. My hard cock dug roughly into the deep cleft between his muscular breasts. I rocked him back and forth until he got control of himself and when he leaned back with his hands on my thighs and looked up into my face, his eyes were filled with tears. "You hot little fuck," he said, "I want you so bad, I can hardly stand it."

"You've got me, Kar," I said, "but I'm pretty new at this, so you'll have to show me."

I don't think he believed me and I saw_ <u>yeah, sure</u> in his eyes but he said, "I'll show you all right. C'mon, we're going to start with a shower and I gotta shave."

He took my hand and we both stood up and he led me toward the bathroom. As we crossed the room, he took down his suspenders and pulled his shirttail out of his pants. As he started to unbutton his shirt I stopped him with a hand on his elbow. "Let me," I said.

He reached in and turned on the light in the bathroom and then leaned back against the door jamb. "Be my guest," he said.

With a great deal of anticipation and aching balls, I reached for the buttons on his shirt. One by one I undid them, slowly revealing the bulging curves of his huge chest and belly. I pushed the shirt off his massive shoulders and down his back, stepping into him and pressing myself against his belly and chest, pulling the sleeves over his hands and letting it drop to the floor. I stepped back and drank in the massiveness of his body. His chest was huge and the areolas around his nipples were at least two inches across. His large nipples just begged to be sucked and I immediately went to work on them. I took first one and then the other into my mouth, nipping at the paps lightly and then sucking them greedily. I sucked as much fleash as was possible into my mouth and then concentrated on the teat itself. His nipples got as hard as my cock and he began to moan softly. "Oh, baby, suck those tits. God I can feel it in my cock. I love my nipples geting sucked, oh suck 'em, baby, suck 'em." While I sucked one nipple I massaged the other breast with my hand. I alternated back and forth between his nipples and ran my hands all over his belly and sides. He writhed under the touch of my exploring hands and lips. I was sucking tits like I had done it all my life! I ran my hand down his belly and over the front of his pants, discovering a very hard dick bulging against the rough cloth. I knelt down in front of him, running my tongue wetly all over his huge gut, dipping it into his deep navel. His belly button had to be two inches deep and I slid my tongue in until I hit bottom. At the same time I unbuckled his belt and unhooked the button at his waist. I fell all the way to my knees and, leaning back, slowly unbuttoned his fly with trembling hands. His rough workman's trousers started to slide and stopped mid-hip. The only thing stopping them from falling to the floor was his huge, hard cock! I quickly untied his shoes. As he lifted one foot and then the other, I removed a shoe and then his sock. God, even his feet were big. I was so turned on I felt like falling on my face and sucking his big toe, but I had another goal in mind. I reached up and unhooked his pants from his cock and let them fall to the floor. He stepped out of them and kicked them aside. I looked up at him and beheld the sight of a huge, muscular, fat man towering over me: thick thighs under a huge belly and directly before my eyes a huge thick penis, at least 8 inches long, very thick in diameter and as hard as a rock, its mushroom head almost purple in its stretched hardness. I was rather taken aback by its size and I stared at it with astonishment. Did I really want to suck this monster?

"You don't have to if you don't want to, you know," Karl said, as he peered down at me from what looked like eight feet above. The man was a mindreader!

With new resolve I put my hands on his hips and leaned forward. "But I really want to," I said. "You don't know how much." I was two inches from the tip of his cock and it visibly throbbed! The slit oozed a bubble of slime and the smell exploded in my brain. I wanted that big cock down my throat! All my being was centered on the head of his huge penis and I became oblivious to everything around me. Almost in a trance, I stuck my tongue out and touched the tip of his dick, lapping up the drop of liquid like a kitten at a saucer of milk. It was ambrosia! Sticky and sweet tasting with a tinge of an indescribable acridity, I loved it! I put the tip of my tongue into the slit and brought my lips directly into contact with the head of his cock. I slowly let my tongue run around the head of his dick. Then I opened wide and took the whole head into my mouth. Even though it stretched my lips as wide as they would go, it felt and tasted great and I thought, God, I'm a born cocksucker.

Except Karl said, "Easy, baby, easy, watch your teeth," and I realized I was probably scratching the tender head of his cock. I immediately wrapped my lips around them and pushed more of his throbbing club into my mouth. "Feel those hairy balls," Karl whispered, and I again realized I didn't know shit about sucking dick. Well, fuck, I thought, now's my chance to learn. I brought both hands up to his hairy globes and fondled them gently. Holding my lips firmly around the hard flesh of his cockhead, I pushed even harder on the turgid weapon and suddenly it slid in further than I intended and it touched the back of my throat. Embarrassingly, I gagged and had to pull back. I let his beautiful tool drop from my mouth until I could get my breath back.

"I told you I was new at this," I said.

"Just take your time, you'll get the hang of it."

I put my hands back on his hips and stared into his crotch. Firm belly, a wild mass of pubic hair, huge balls bloated with sperm and thick thighs, all meeting in an incredibly beautiful triangle of masculine flesh! I buried my face in his crotch! My face was covered in hot flesh and hair and I wallowed like a pig in his fleshy scrotum. The smell was tangy and sweaty and infinitely masculine, like the very best man's cologne. I wish there was some way you could bottle that odor, for it would make a mint. I licked the bush of curly black pubic hair and my tongue found the path to his huge globes hanging in the bloated sack under his stiff cock. I sucked first one nut and then the other into my mouth and started to dive under his balls, delving deeply into the sensual darkness, losing myself (and my breath) in the depths.

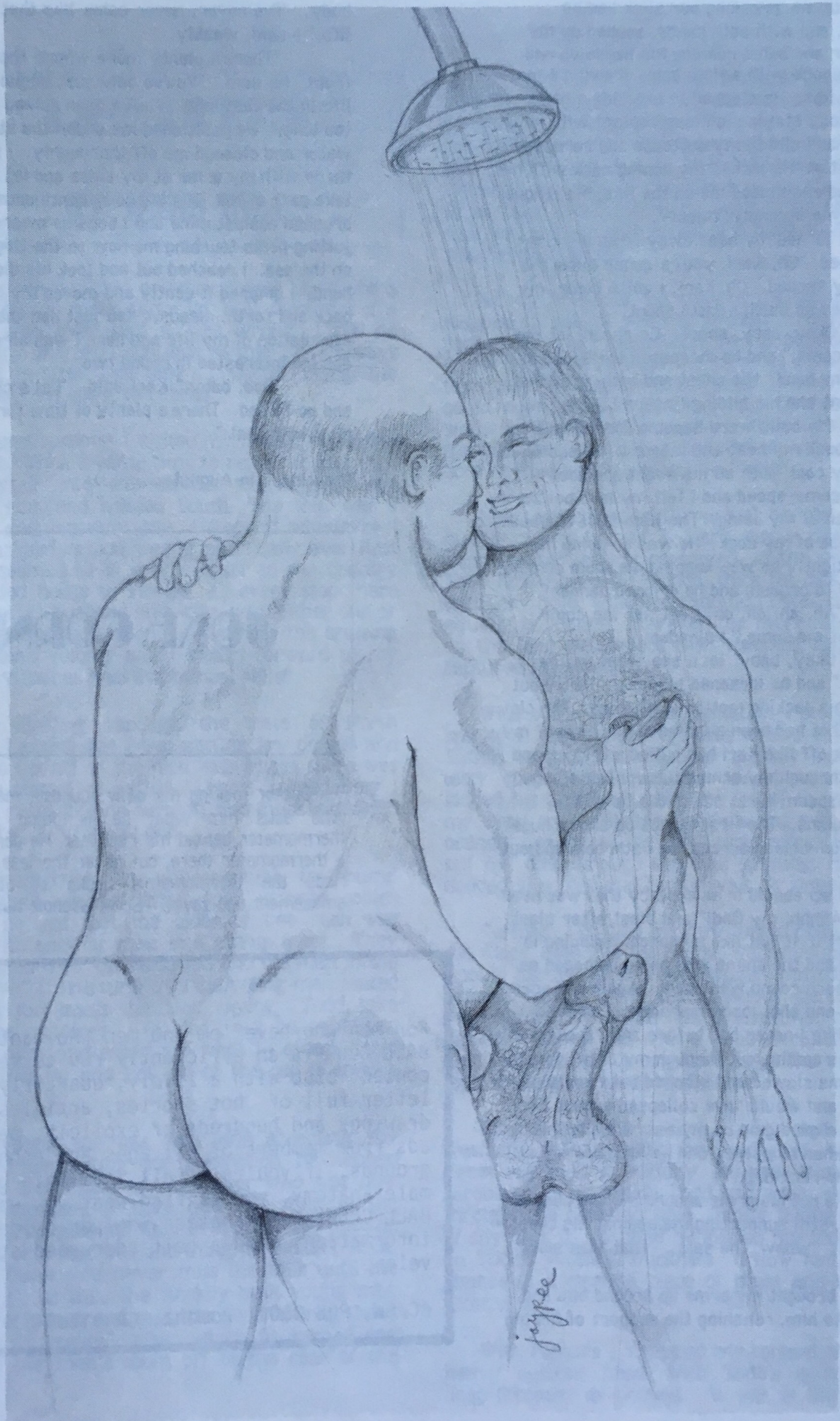
I probably did something wrong again, maybe hurting him, because he reached down and lifted me up to my feet. He kissed me lightly on the lips. "C'mon, baby, I want to be clean for you." He turned me firmly into the bathroom, bent down and started the shower for me and handed me the soap. "Hop in, son, I'm gonna shave."

I hopped. The tub was an old, claw-footed monster with chipped enamel along the rim. The shower was jerry-rigged with a hose coming from the nozzle of the tub and there was no shower curtain. I had noticed in my travels while on leave in Europe that an entire bathroom often served as a shower stall and the water splashed where it may. I leaned back against the wall to soap myself up, not only to keep water from splashing out of the tub but so I could watch Karl shave. He was very precise and quick in his movements and his five o'clock shadow quickly disappeared. I soaped my entire front, concentrating on my groin, and found myself jacking my cock as I watched Karl perform his ritual. His huge right arm flexed magnificently, like a pro wrestler's arm, as he made short strokes with the razor. "You're beautiful," I said, and he turned his head and grinned at me.

"You've got good taste," he said. He glanced down at my stroking hand. "Careful, hotshot. That first load is mine. Don't waste it."

He went back to his shaving and I turned and started to wash my hair. I lathered thoroughly with my back to Karl, wondering if he had any conditioner, when I felt a hand on my ass and the squeak of a bare foot on wet enamel. Karl was getting into the tub with me. I turned to face him and grinned up into his soapy face. "Welcome to the tub," I said, as he tilted his face to the shower, cleaning off the excess shaving cream from his face. I touched his smooth cheek and he leaned back and let the water beat down on his hairy chest.

He wiped the water from his eyes and took the soap from my hand. "Lean back against the wall," he murmured and started to soap the front of my body. He ran both hands over my chest and belly, the soap thickening under his touch. My cock was instantly hard again. He


jaypee

leaned into me, pressing our slick bodies together, and with both hands, soaped up my pubic hair and balls, running his hands up and down my cock with a firm grip, drawing a moan from my lips. He stepped to one side a little bit, his body staying in close contact with mine. His left hand slid to my buttocks and caressed them gently. He jacked my aching cock with his right hand and kissed me on the lips, his tongue entering me strongly, thickly.

I turned my head away from his kiss and gasped, "Oh, Karl, you're gonna make me come any second. Oh, Karl, I gotta come, my cock aches so much I gotta shoot."

"Okay, baby, shoot. Go ahead, let me see you come," and he increased the speed of his jacking hand. His chest and belly crowded against me and his sliding fingers touched my asshole. My balls were begging for release and I threw back my head and moaned. He squeezed my soapy cock with all his might and soon reached come-speed and I felt my load boiling in the center of my being. The jism built and built at the base of my cock. He was gripping my cock so tightly he was keeping me from coming! I started to orgasm and he gripped harder!

"Ah, ah, ah, oh, Karl, let me come, please let me come," I pleaded.

"Okay, baby, let's see what you're made of," and he loosened his grip slightly but sped up his jacking motion even more. The clot of jism that had been building at the base of my cock took off like Karl had pulled a trigger and blasted through my aching tube. I felt a huge bullet of sperm burst out of the tip of my swollen glans. The first explosion shot a huge wad of come clear across the bathroom and out the door.

I screamed in an ecstacy that was near agony, "Ahhhh, my God!" and blast after blast burst forth! It felt like a cannon exploding in my balls and the ammo was being reloaded as soon as each round was spent. Again and again I spasmed and shot load after load. I came in buckets like I never had before and I thought my guts were coming out through my cock! Finally the spasms slowed and stopped but I continued to shake and would have collapsed except Karl had such a good grip on my ass. Finally, his clutching hand loosened and he let go of my still hard-as-a-rock dick.

He put his arms around me and hugged me close, still supporting me against his chest and belly. "Whew," he said. "That was some orgasm."

I brought my arms up around him and leaned into him, relishing the support of his big body. "I've never, never come like that in my life," I said, weakly.

"There's plenty more where that came from," he said. "You've only just begun your life in the fast lane. You've been asleep entirely too long." He positioned me under the stream of water and cleaned me off thoroughly. I stood there with my arms at my sides and let him take care of me. His big body continuously brushed against mine and I became aware of his jutting penis touching me now on the thigh, now on the ass. I reached out and took his dick in my hand. I gripped it gently and moved my hand back and forth. Jesus, I had just had the peak ejaculation of my life and here I was already getting interested in round two.

"Ooo, baby," Karl said. "Let's clean up and go to bed. There's plenty of time for you to play with that."

(Continued in August.....)

JOKE CORNER

Doctor making his daily rounds , meets a colle
who asks him what he is doing with a re
thermometer behind his right ear. He denies that he
a thermometer there, but never the less reaches up
finds the thermometer. Looks at other doctor
amazement and says...." Some asshole has my pen !"

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TAR HEELS

BY WILD BILL

Who ever said that a senior citizen had to be a non-aggressive, meek and mild, milk toast sort of a person? Who ever said it was wrong. I see no reason why one can't continue as they have always done and go after their desire .... which brings me to the tale I am about to relate.

This past summer I visited my family in Central New York. When it came time to return to Florida, I piled myself into my station wagon with my assorted junk and headed South. The trip was a pleasant and leisurely one. I stopped whenever I felt so inclined, which was at practically ever Rest Stop. It seemed as if every senior in the country was headed home to Florida. At every stop there was the usual husband and wife, with either one or the other driving. My only relief was the cruising of the Men's Rooms and I looked forward to my stops for visual as well as physical relief.

While driving through the state of North Carolina, I noted that I was getting low on gas and decided to get off at the next exit where there was a service station to refuel. Almost immediately I spotted a rural looking turn off and quickly decided to chance it. Am I glad I did!

As I pulled into this country type, two pump station which had a small food storage cooler inside, I noticed that the older of two men was talking with another man in a pickup truck . They soon finished their conversation and the man in the truck drove off. He turned to the young man seated in a chair just inside the door, saying, "Todd, take care of the customer". "OK dad", was his reply and he came over and asked me what I needed. I told him to fill it up and got out of the car to stretch my legs.

After filling the gas tank and accepting my credit card completing the transaction, he stepped inside and stood next to his father who was now seated. I inquired if they had any milk in the cooler. At this question they both snickered and the older man said that was one thing they didn't stock. I replied,"Guess you never miss the milk until the cow is dry". At this, the stockily built young man grabbed his crotch and said,"Here's one thing that's never out of cream", after which he turned and headed to the men's room off to the rear of the office .

The old man smiled at his sons remark and with his left hand slowly stroked his basket, where I noticed a growing bulge. This was a bit too much for me as my own cock was responding to all this stimuli. Quickly I decided I needed to take a piss. As I opened the door to the men's room, there seated in an open front commode against the right back wall was the son with a hell of a hard on, which he was happily jerking.

At my entrance, he stopped momentarily as I stepped to one of the two urinals adjacent to the John wall. This incidentally had a adequate sized Glory Hole cut through the side. As soon as I had taken out my slightly erect prick to take a leak, I could not help but glance at the opening in the wall. Todd was motioning me to stick my prick through the hole. As I turned to comply, the John door opened and in walked his father.

He stepped up to the urinal on my left and pulled out a beautiful, hard circumcised prick, which he too, slowly massaged. At the same time, Todd had shoved his 8 inch, thick fat dick through the Glory Hole. Which one should I take? Both were equally appealing. However the more mature one on the lean backwoods man standing next to me captured my attention.

With out a moments hesitation I stooped over and took that throbbing delight into my mouth. Within seconds he was spurting his load of hot tasty cum deep down my throat where I had lodged his pulsating member. Out of the corner of my eye I could still see Todd playing with his 'tree branch' size toy, at the same time entreating me to put my dick through the wall opening. His father nodded in accord and I could wait no longer.

Turning, I pushed my now turgid prick through the Glory Hole into the ready, warm young mouth. I could hardly stop from coming immediately, so primed was I from the previous performance. Gripping the top of the stall, I whammed my pelvis against the wall and with a flood of relief let fly a load that seemed to originate from the tips of my toes, leaving me completely limp .

During the entire time, Todd's dad stood by watching and fingering his own prick which had again regained its rigidity. He now looked at the throbbing prick which Todd had again shoved out through the partition hole. Gently taking the back of my neck in his hand he guided my mouth down on Todd's youthful thickness . I now had a second chance at a strange piece of meat and made the most of it.

With rapture I wrapped my tongue around the heavy bulbous head. With Todd's each thrust I deep-throated its hotness. It was at this moment

that I felt the old man fondling my firm tight buns. I pushed back with my ass as I bent over forward, sucking Todd's youthful glory. With one quick movement, Todd's dad unbuckled my belt, and dropped my pants down around my ankles.

He kneaded my buns for a moment, and then I knew what he had in mind. He spit on his hand and rubbed it over the head of his ready hard prick. With a fast forward thrust he embedded his tool in my ass to the hilt. For a moment he let it soak in the depth of my burning fury. Then he slowly rotated his hips and with a rocking horse motion started fucking my ass violently. My own prick responded to the hard prostate massage I was feeling with his each stroke.

My sucking on Todd's flaming member became more acute. I could feel his juices foaming beneath the surface. Little secretions of his pre-seminal fluid, slightly salty, tantalized my taste buds. At the same time my ass was being fiercely pounded by what felt like an iron battering ram .

Then in rapid succession, first Todd erupted his hot thick cream into my anxious mouth with the countless jettings of youth; then his fathers tremendous outpouring of warmth within me, all combined to trigger my second release of hot seed. With deep felt emotion, I heavily spattered the lower section of the partition wall. What a glorious spending of three sexual organs!

It was with heartfelt regret that I left these friendly North Carolina Tar Heels, but I had to continue my homeward journey deeper into the South land. As I drove off, I heard them say, " Tell your friends to stop if they are up this way . Its lonely out in the deep woods. You all come back soon, ya hear?"

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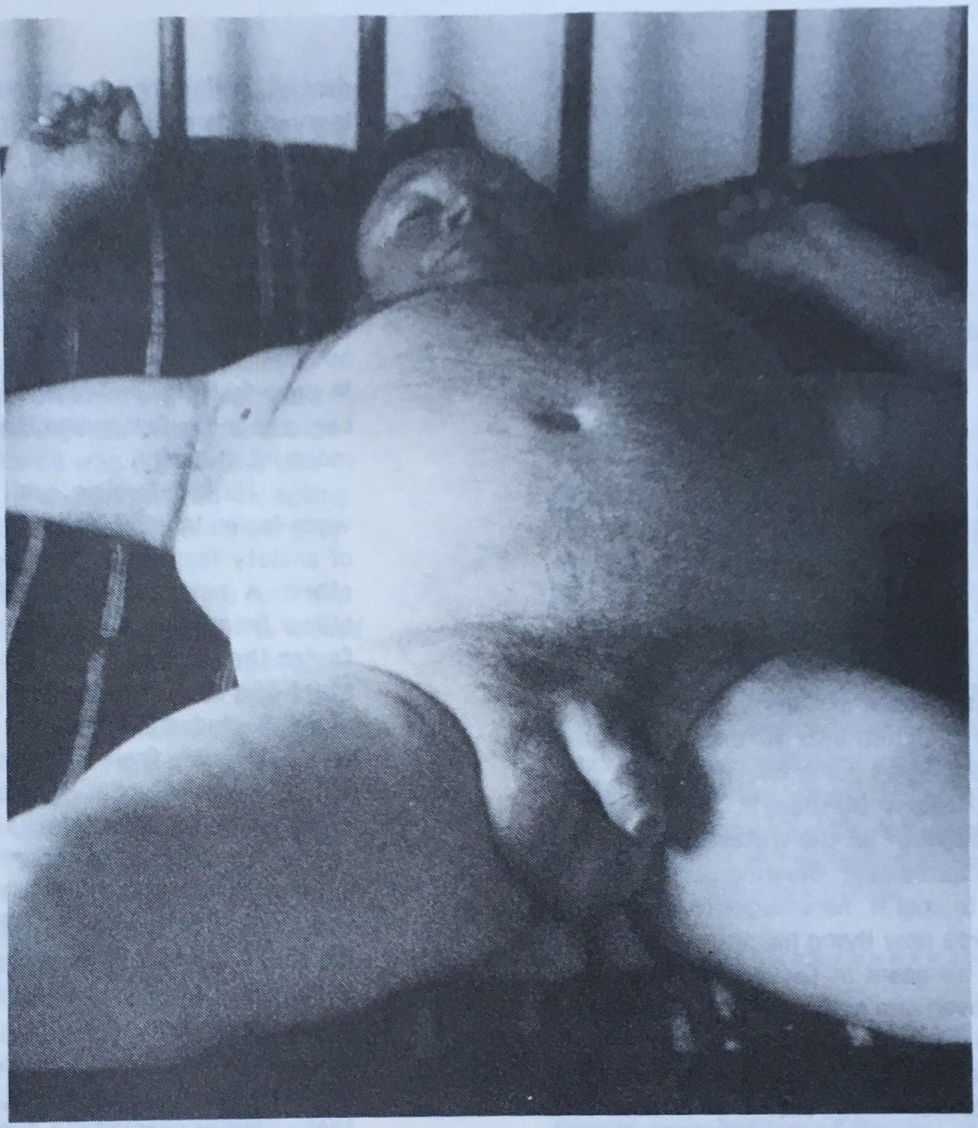
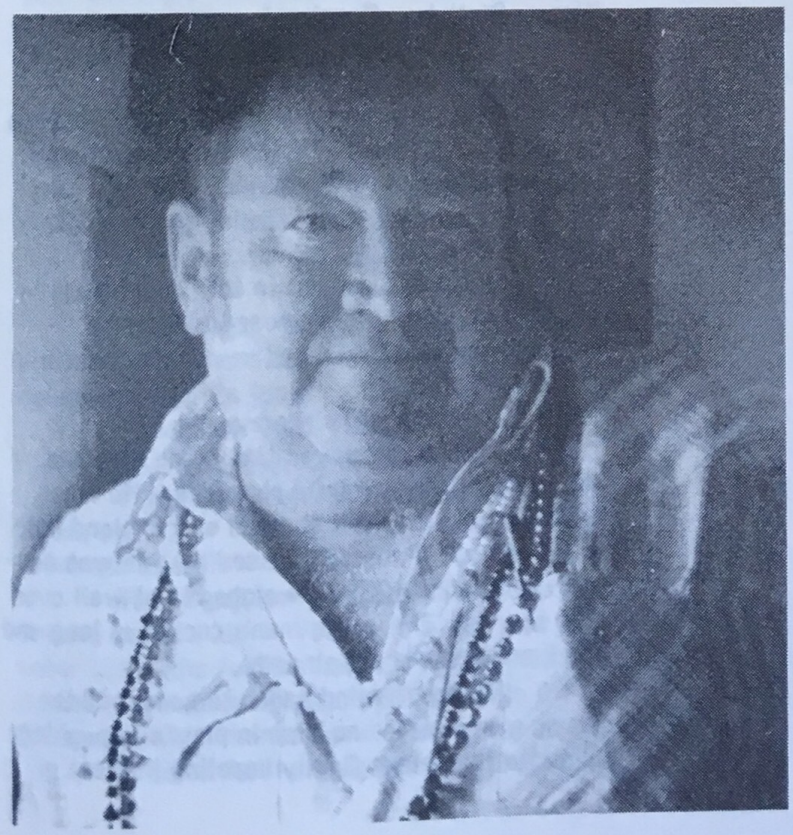




CHIEF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.H. COLLEY

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PRESTON

a short story by

P.H. COLLEY

Preston slowly stirred his coffee and gazed at the day's date on his kitchen calendar. He thought of the same date the previous year and allowed himself to smile. May 20, 1985, had been a sunny, vibrant day and there had been a party for over 60 of his friends and acquaintances. They'd told Preston that they were going to the Carriage Trade for dinner, but had gone to a house in Hollywood Hills instead. They'd led him into the dark house and he'd wept as the lights came on and all the people yelled, "Happy Birthday!"

He thought of all the water that had gone over the dam since. Blowing across his cup of coffee to cool it, he thought fondly of Reggie, who was now living happily with a retired Army sergeant in Tucson. A feeling of grief wafted over him as he allowed the image of Taylor into his brain. Taylor had died of AIDS, two months ago. And then, there was his "ex-lover," Ronald, whose memory elicited a forlorned shake of the head. The irony hurt. After all, it was Reggie and Taylor who had convinced him to drop Ronald and not allow him to move in. "He's just a cheap hustler who'll take everything he can get and leave you hanging," Taylor had said, countless times. "Why can't you fuck someone over twenty-five, Preston?" Reggie would say.

Today, Preston hit 57 but looked 47, thanks to his exercise program of aerobics and weight lifting at a West Hollywood gym. He had grey temples and ruddy, good looks, but he was a little on the shy side. And, now that his two best friends were no longer around, it was easier to call up some "model" in the gay rags than to go out and meet someone. Having spent too many evenings being ignored by all the young clones, he gave up the bars long ago.

Resigned to being alone on his birthday, he dressed and drove to his dental offices near U.C.L.A. He was an oral surgeon and shared facilities with two other dentists, both of whom were in trouble with the state board. One lost a patient when he failed to monitor vital signs during "twilight sleep" anesthesia. The other dentist pulled the wrong four teeth on a lawyer. Many times, Preston seriously considered going back to a one man office, but knew he couldn't afford it.

Having handled a seemingly endless line of patients for over seven hours, he left the offices at 4:00 p.m. and began the trip back home. Santa Monica Boulevard was congested, as usual, and there were the usual bottlenecks in Beverly Hills. In West Hollywood, the traffic began to move faster and the scenery became more interesting .

He loved young, well-built men and they were legion in West Hollywood. It was a source of anxiety for him as he drove by one after the other. A powerful feeling of lust seemed to billow from his groin and he drove slightly faster than was normal for him. Sensing the start of a powerful erection, he drove up the steep, secluded driveway to his house, which was not visible from the street. He became intent upon masturbating with the fresh image of a hunk he saw four blocks ago.

Disarming his security system and entering his swank, hillside home, he threw his coat and tie onto a couch, followed quickly by his shoes, socks and trousers. His shirt half unbuttoned, he rushed into his bedroom, just as the doorbell rang. Frowning, he went back to the living room and looked out the front window, but could only make out a pair of bare feet. Slowly opening the door, he came face to face with a nude, muscular young man with a banner around his chest. The banner said, "Happy Birthday, Preston."

"Happy Birthday, Big Daddy," sang the young man.

Preston's mouth was agape and his eyes darted back and forth, trying to find out where the others were. He laughed nervously. "Oh, my God," he finally said, feeling increasingly giddy. "Who.....?"

"I'm not supposed to tell," said the young man. "I'm just supposed to be your birthday present."

"Uhhh....."

"I'm yours for the evening."

Preston surveyed the young man and marveled at his powerful physique. He was well over six feet tall and had short, blond hair and blue eyes. Preston guessed that he was no more than 22 or 23 and weighed in at well over 220 pounds. The young man's cock was long and thick and semi-erect already.

Preston's mind began to race, but the young man waisted no time in playfully pushing him into the house, finally kneeling in front of

him and pulling down his shorts. As Preston gasped and sucked in a huge quantity of air, the young man went down on him.

The young man sucked voraciously and Preston began to shake wildly, finally crying out in anguish as he began to ejaculate much too quickly. Preston watched as the young man stopped sucking and directed the boiling stream of cum to the carpet. He saw stars and staggered to the bedroom, where he fell onto the bed. As his pounding heart began to slow somewhat, he wondered who was behind this wonderful present. He grinned, half expecting Reggie and his Army sergeant to come barging out of the closet, yelling, "Surprise!"

"Reggie! Reggie, where in the fuck are you, you Queen!" he yelled, laughing. He looked at the young man, who was now getting back into his clothes, but the man did not return the smile. He studied the young man's expression, which had completely reversed. "It was Reggie, wasn't it? Who.....?"

"How much money do you keep around the house, faggot?" He said it casually and softly.

Preston stared at him and wondered if he had heard him correctly. "Pardon me?"

"Any more where these came from?" asked the young man, nodding toward two diamond rings atop the dresser.

"Oh, my God," mumbled Preston, looking into the young man's now ice cold eyes. He could see a callousness in the young man's gaze and could feel and smell a heinous evil radiating from him. "How did you know about my birthday?"

The young man lifted a revolver and pointed it at Preston. "Where is the gem collection?"

Preston felt dizzy and wondered if he would pass out. "What gem collection?"

The revolver glistened in the half-light of the bedroom.

"Don't fuck with me, faggot," he hissed, pulling the hammer back on the revolver, which caused Preston to jump.

"It's in the bank vault."

"You're lying, cocksucker."

Preston felt sweat beads accumulating on his brow. "If I tell you where it is, will you leave me alone?"

The young man laughed and walked briskly toward him. "You dumb fuck! Now I know it's in the fucking house." He laughed insanely and abruptly punched Preston in the face, stunning him into semi-consciousness.

Preston felt himself being strangled and an aura of madness seemed to envelope him. Instead of panicking, he began to think of seemingly incongruous things, like a scene from THE GODFATHER. An eternity seemed to pass and, for some reason, he remembered how freighteningly the book had depicted death by the garrott. And, as if urged on my some guardian angel, he exhaled all the air in his lungs, defecated in his underwear, rolled his eyes up, and let himself go limp.

Only after he heard the front door close several minutes later, did Preston dare to open his eyes. He was paralyzed otherwise and seriously considered that he had indeed died. Suddenly, he began to tremble violently. Struggling, he got up, walked to the window and watched as the young man walked halfway down the driveway to a familiar parked car. The young man carried a pillow case filled with what Preston assumed was over $20,000 worth of jewelry and gemstones he had collected over the years. He strained to recognize the man behind the wheel, but the sun was too bright and reflected off the windshield.

He called the police.

****

After talking on the telephone for an hour with Reggie, he began to wonder if his hustler ex-lover had planned the whole thing. Reggie reminded him of the fact that others had accused Ronald of beating up an older gay man in San Diego. He had not told the police about Ronald, strangely.

Sitting by himself in the darkness, he began to realize that, if Ronald was indeed behind his near demise, then the two would soon find out that he was not dead and come back to try it again. He knew that he had only two choices:

1. Call the police again and tell them the whole story.

2. Take matters into his own hands and try to get the jewelry back.

Near midnight, he made up his mind and drove to Ronald's last known address in Hollywood. He drove around the block several times and finally stopped across the street from the darkened second floor apartment. He wondered if it were still Ronald's apartment. After all, it had been months. "Probably out trying to find a fence for gemstones," whispered Preston to himself. He thought back over all the things he had shared with Ronald and it all became clear. Obviously, it was he who masterminded it all, thought Preston. But,

then, there were things that Ronald had shared with him, like the fact that a spare key was under the welcome mat. He was amazed that he wasn't afraid and wondered if the ingredient keeping him so brave was hatred. Without thinking about it further, or having any plan whatsoever, he parked the car two blocks away so that Ronald wouldn't see it. With determination, he strode back to the apartment building and, without losing a stride, he brazenly used the key under the mat to get inside the apartment.

He stood inside the door until his eyes were completely dilated, then searched the apartment in the darkness. Atop the refrigerator, he found a flashlight and used it to search the back bedroom. Scattered across the top of a dresser were all but two of his rings and all of the gemstones except a true red, 3.4 carat, Burmese ruby. He sighed and scooped the jewelry and gemstones up and into his pockets.

In a bathroom, he found a plastic bottle of a prescription drug he immediately recognized as being a strong amphetamine, along with a package of disposable syringes and freebasing paraphernalia. In a chest of drawers, he found a loaded .38 revolver and, inside a closet, he found a loaded shotgun. As he stared at the weapons in his hands, however, the enormity of it finally hit him and he began to tremble with acute anxiety about being inside the apartment. "Call the cops," he whimpered to himself. "Where's the fucking phone?" He searched frantically for the telephone, finally finding it in the living room.

And then he heard a car door slam down on the street, followed by the sound of Ronald's voice. He looked for a back way out, but there was none. He looked down toward the street and watched as Ronald and the muscular young man who had assaulted him stood on the curb, arguing with each other. Quickly, he dialed 911 on the telephone and watched as the two men began to make their way up the stairway. A man answered on the other end and Preston's voice froze in fear of being heard through the open window. Silently, he hung up the phone and retreated into the bedroom.

From the darkness of the bedroom, he watched as the two men entered the apartment and turned on the light. He felt an alien emotion, seeing Ronald again. He was still the short, stocky Adonis he remembered and lusted after, complete with sparkling, dishonest, green eyes, heavy tan and capped teeth.

"Aw, get fucked!" yelled the muscular one. "You ain't gonna get more than that for a goddamn ruby."

"Hey, man, I know what this shit is worth, you know?" said Ronald. "Preston told me that that ruby was worth at least seven grand. And you wanted to dump it for two bills man.....You get fucked!"

"You blew it, asshole!"

"You blow it out your ass," replied Ronald. "I know this jeweler in West L.A., man. He'll give us a couple of thou, man."

"You're dreamin, dude," said the muscular one, storming into the kitchen.

Preston's pulse raced and he reached for the shotgun, stuffing the .38 inside his belt. He watched as Ronald started for the bedroom, then stopped abruptly, spinning around.

"And I told you about the fucking gold chains in the chest of drawers," continued Ronald, "but no, you forgot!"

Preston suddenly remembered what Ronald had caused and he felt enraged. He lifted the shotgun and aimed it at Ronald's head, his finger twitching on the trigger.

"Let's go back, then!" yelled the other man from the kitchen.

"You go back!" Ronald shook his head with disgust and continued into the bedroom, turning on the lights.

Preston had to smile at the sight of Ronald's face. He could graphically see the blood drain from the now ashen face and knew that Ronald's brain was being deprived of blood. As Preston expected, Ronald fell into a chair in shock.

"I ain't goin back there, motherfucker," said the other man, still from the kitchen. "I'm gonna make me a sandwich and drink this beer."

Hearing a television set come on in the kitchen, Preston inched toward Ronald and relieved him of a pistol stuck inside his belt. He stuffed it inside his coat pocket and backed up toward the doorway to wait for the other man. Suddenly, he heard the other man say something with a mouth full of food and begin walking toward the bedroom. With a shakey hand, he turned off the light and stepped back into the shadows, keeping a wary eye on Ronald.

The muscular man turned on the lights and stood, staring at the muzzle of the shotgun with a huge piece of sandwich halfway inside his mouth. One of his hands held what was left of the sandwich and the other held a Budweiser. Quickly, Preston took his pistol as well and pointed the shotgun toward the bed. The man eagerly complied and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Okay, guys, say your prayers," spat

Preston, aiming the shotgun and pointing it at the muscular young man, who promptly vomited up what was in his gullet. He then pointed it at Ronald, who began to weep softly.

"Please, Press," he whined. "I didn't want you hurt."

"It was all his fucking idea!" countered the other.

"Take off you belt, Ron, and tie him up," ordered Preston, gesturing toward the man on the bed. "Face down on the floor....Now!"

Ronald scurried to comply.

The other secured on the floor on his face, Ronald slowly rose and sat heavily in the chair, still whimpering. Preston inched backward toward the bathroom and pulled out a roll of tape he had seen earlier.

"Now, it's you're turn," said Preston, gesturing for him to lie on the floor like the other. "Now place your hands behind your back."

Preston cautiously approached Ronald and shoved the barrel of the shotgun into the back of his sweat-slick neck. With one hand, he started the tape around the clasped wrists, then put down the gun and wound most of the roll equally around the wrists of both men. He sighed and crawled to the opposite wall, where he sat, staring at the two frightened young men. "You got anything stronger than beer?"

"Huh?" said Ronald, dumbfounded.

"How about Scotch?"

"Uh, we uh...have some tequila in the pantry," said Ronald, at length.

"It's been a really bad day," said Preston. "Calls for a stiff drink."

The two young men glanced at one another as Preston walked into the kitchen and retrieved the bottle of tequila from a cabinet. On the kitchen table, he saw a huge bowl filled with pills and capsules in every shape, size and color. Nearby was an envelope, filled with a white substance he assumed was cocain.

When he returned, the two men seemed even more apprehensive. Preston chuckled, then slid down the wall into a sitting position on the floor. He sipped tequila out of the bottle and studied them. "If you're wondering what I'm going to do with you, the answer is that I don't really know yet." He took a deep swig and sighed as the liquor burned downward into his stomach. "What I do know, however, is..." He laughed. "...that I sure as hell won't fuck with hustlers anymore. What I'd like to know is WHY? What'd I ever do to you to cause you to try to kill me? Jesus, I gave you everything."

"I'm sorry," sobbed Ronald. "Things just got tough, man. When you dropped me, I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. I couldn't get a job, man."

"Oh, bullshit!" shouted Preston. He nodded toward the kitchen. "You got a fucking pound of white shit in there, four guns, probably cash in the goddamn mattress and twenty thousand dollars worth of MY money!" He glared at Ronald. "Even those goddamn capped teeth in your rancid mouth are mine, remember that? Huh? I paid for that!" He leaned the shotgun against the wall and looked into the bottle of tequila. He lifted the bottle and looked through it at Ronald, then the other man, then back to Ronald. "You sell the two rings?"

"Yes," whispered Ronald, after swallowing hard.

"I almost gave you one of them, you know that?"

Ronald glanced up, then looked back into the carpeting.

"You almost had it all--would have if Reggie hadn't told me about that old man in San Diego you beat up." He took another sip. "Why didn't you beat me up? Huh?" He studied Ronald for several seconds, then suddenly kicked at Ronald's face, causing both prostrate men to flinch and whimper. "Why didn't you do the dirty work, instead of this asshole!" He succeeded in kicking the other man on the shoulder. The man flexed his muscles and his nostril flared in rage. Preston countered by placing the shotgun barrel against his nose.

He studied them for several anxious moments, then a slightly mad look came to his face. Ronald saw this and became white faced again.

"Where is the ruby?"

"It's...it's in my left pocket," said, Ronald, quickly.

Preston reached inside the pocket and pulled it out, handling it gently and lovingly. He slipped it inside his own pocket and smiled broadly. "Where do you keep the pliers?" he asked, after a long sigh of relief.

There was a period of silence and the two young men studied each other for a clue. "Pliers?" finally repeated the other man, flatly.

"Pliers....You know, the kind you pull things out with." He glared at Ronald. "....Like teeth."

Both men stared at him, then each other. Ronald moaned.

"Okay, then," said Preston, smiling. "I'll just find me a pair."

Carrying the shotgun, he searched the

CATCHING THE SUN

.....by KENT JUSTICE

apartment very carefully, coming back to the bedroom occasionally to check on his prisoners. In the kitchen, he found a pair of pliers in a drawer and stuffed them inside his coat pocket with the pistol. Returning to the bedroom, he surveyed the position of the two men and went into the bathroom, opening the medicine cabinet. "Who takes the speed? Jeez, and what is this stuff?"

Neither man spoke.

"Hey, Ronald, did you freebase when you were sucking my dick for profit?" He turned to see Ronald's reaction and smiled.

Ronald continued staring into the carpet.

"You're friend here is a good cocksucker, too."

The other man regarded Preston icily.

Preston closed the medicine cabinet and leaned against the doorway. "You hustlers are something, you know? I'll bet you don't even think that you're gay, for crissakes. Do you?" He waited for a reaction, which never came. "You fuckers will do anything for money. Shit, man, you maggots would suck a corpse's dick if you thought a quarter would ooze out."

Ronald swallowed hard and squirmed uncomfortably.

"So, what's it like to snort cocain, Ron? Hell, I'm in the mood to try a little bit, you know?"

The two men looked at each other in surprise and half smiled.

"Go ahead and take a hit, man," offered the muscular one.

Preston smiled vapidly. "How?"

"Uh..." began Ronald. "Roll up a dollar bill and pour some coke on the mirror there.. uh.. then you just sniff it up your nose."

Preston looked down at them with a playful smile. "You show me."

"Hey, man," said the muscular man. "I have to take a fuckin leak, okay?"

Preston considered the request, then nodded. Holding the shotgun on him, he helped the man up and followed him into the bathroom.

Both stared at each other, then Preston realized that the man couldn't take out his own cock with his hands tied behind him. "Oh, sorry," apologized Preston, who quickly unzipped the man's fly and pulled out the long, thick cock. He stared hungrily at the cock as it expelled urine.

The man stared at him with a combination of fear, amusement and hatred. "Hey, it's yours, man. Be my fucking guest."

He finished urinating and Preston kneaded the cock of excess urine, feeling it swell in his hand. As he stared at the cock with apprehension, the muscular man glanced toward Ronald, who was struggling with his bounds.

Preston gestured for him to walk to the bed, which he did. The man appeared capable of kicking the ceiling, so he stayed clear of him. "Lie on the bed on your face."

The man complied and Preston quickly taped his ankles together with what was left of the tape. Slowly, he turned the man over onto his back and went down on the huge cock, which was growing flaccid rapidly. Preston glanced at Ronald, who was watching on with a look of helplessness on his face, then allowed the cock to slip out of his mouth with a slurp. "You almost got hard in the bathroom." He chuckled. "Bet you thought you were about to kick my brains out, didn't you? Now, you're helpless and it's no fun, is it?"

"Why don't you just get it over with, huh?" growled the muscular man.

"What?" asked Preston, sweetly.

"Killing us."

"Shut the fuck up, Del!" yelled Ronald.

Preston looked back at Del in amusement. "Del? What an innocent sounding name." He laughed. "Boy, I'll bet your mother had no idea you would turn out to be such a piece of shit."

Del's jaw tightened and his nostrils flared again.

"I know!" blurted Preston, startling Ronald. "Let's get high!" He jumped up and walked into the kitchen. He found a jigger in the cabinet and poured it half full of cocain. He picked out four capsules he recognized as methamphetamine and emptied the capsules into the glass. He found two of pemoline and added that. "Triple speed," he mumbled to himself. "It'll blow their heads right off." Chuckling, he broke open several capsules of assorted central nervous system stimulants and poured them into the envelope of cocain. He stirred it with his finger and set it aside. He then stirred the mixture of powder in the jigger with a toothpick and carried it into the bedroom. As he neared the entrance, he noticed that both men were struggling violently and had succeeded in slightly loosening their bounds. Both abruptly stopped as he entered.

He walked past them, surveyed the bounds very carefully and went into the bathroom, placing the shotgun into a corner. He pulled out a dollar from his wallet, rolled it, then poured a small quantity of powder onto a mirror. "Like this, huh?" He placed one end of the bill into his nose and placed the other end

against the mirror, far away from the white substance. He sniffed twice, bringing only air into his nose, and looked at himself in the mirror. His face flushed due to the alcohol anyway, he pretended to feel a rush and shouted, "Jesus!"

Ronald and Dell stared at him, wondering if his behavior indicated a change or heart. Then they searched each other's eyes and sensed that there was a way out of their mess. Both allowed themselves to smile, cautiously.

"Whoowee! This shit is gooooooooooood! Here, take a whiff of this." Preston widened his eyes and offered the mirror and rolled bill to Ronald by placing it on the floor in front of him. He heavily knelt in front of Ronald and placed the bill under his nose.

Ronald turned his head away. "Come on, Preston, let us up."

"Let you up?" Preston smiled at Del. "Jeez, Delbert," he said in a derisive, twangy, hick accent. "Why didn't I think of that when you had your fat hands around my fucking throat? Hell, Delbert, if I'd ***asked*** you to let me up, you ***would*** have, wouldn't cha?"

"You're not a murderer, Press," said Ronald, becoming braver. "Come on, the game's over. Walk out before you get hurt."

Preston stared at him and slowly felt an overwhelming anger rise from within him. The feeling surged and gained momentum. Helplessly, he screamed savagely and lunged for Ronald. He turned him onto his back and sat on his chest, groping for the pliers. Grabbing Ronald's nose and upper lip, he pulled upward, exposing the capped teeth. He tried to position the pliers but Ronald struggled wildly. "Give me those teeth back, you little fucking creep!"

And then, Ronald began to cry like a beaten child.

He looked into Ronald's wet, red eyes and was swept back in time. He imagined that he could see Ronald when he was an innocent young boy and he immediately knew that he couldn't hurt him. He knew that he could never hurt anyone, let alone kill.

Suddenly, he stood and felt himself become clammy. His pulse began to race and he felt as if he were losing consciousness. His face drained of color and he ran from the apartment, gasping for breath. In the throes of a powerful panic reaction, he ran to his car and drove to his home.

Sitting in the darkness, he felt that he had slipped into the eye of a nightmare. Nothing around him seemed real. The weight of a monstrous anxiety pressed against him and he struggled to keep from hyperventilating. A phantom voice hissed over and over, "They're coming.....They're coming. Bounds won't hold....Bounds won't hold."

Abruptly, he grabbed the phone and wondered what he would tell the police. "Think, Press, ***think***! No ***time***, goddamnit!" But the images of questioning police and reporters and headlines assaulted him, pressuring him more. His eyes darted around the room, looking at nothing. Finally, they widened. "Anonymous. ***Anonymous***," he whispered, dialing 911.

He heard a woman's voice and his voice erupted in a staccato monolog about two men being bound by tape and harboring a fortune in drugs at a certain address in Hollywood. Then, he heard the familiar beep, which reminded him that his voice was being recorded. He disconnected and shook violently, wondering if he'd said enough.

Slowly, his trembling began to subside and he forced himself to breath slowly and deeply. Feeling less anxious, he walked through the house, turning off all the lights and making sure that all doors and windows were locked. He grabbed a huge knife in the kitchen and went back to a chair in the living room. From there, he could see the driveway in front.

He waited.

An hour passed and he noticed that the sky was becoming a faint magenta in the east. Suddenly, the telephone rang, scaring him witless. He grabbed it on the second ring and held the receiver against his sweat moistened ear. In the background, he could hear service station sounds, but nearer, there was the faint sound of breathing. A low, throaty chuckle came, followed by a click and a dial tone.

He felt the powerful urge to dial Ronald's number and did.

On the first ring, an unfamiliar voice said, "Yo!"

"Uhhh..." stuttered Preston.

"Yeah, Lieutenant. Thanks for calling me back. Uh, looks like we struck paydirt over here...."

And, in the background, he heard, "Hey, Rizzo! Where you want this?"

"Just leave it there, Joey, for crissakes!....Excuse me, Lieutenant..... We got a closet full of stolen goods and the kitchen looks like a fucking pharmacy. One got away after he tried to waste his buddy--two in the back of the head, but he's still alive. A neighbor says that the other guy was screaming and shooting at everyone--sounds like he OD'd on PCP or speed

UNTITLED

DRAWING BY ALAISTER

.....Lieutenant?"

Preston gently placed the receiver back on the phone and was immediately assaulted by an overpowering feeling of panic, with an undercurrent of remorse. He grasped the knife and stared out the window toward the driveway.

Minutes later, he heard the distant sound of sirens, which became louder and closer with each second. And then, somehow he knew. When the screaming tires preceding the sirens got very near, he got out of the chair and backed into the hallway to his bedroom. Beams of light bored into his sheer drapes and the sound of an angry car motor filled his ears.

As he ran to the back of his bedroom, a car crashed through the front of his house, sending brick, wood pieces and millions of shards of glass into all directions. Fearful of being trapped by a fire, Preston ran to his front bedroom windows and glanced at the car, sitting inside his living room. His jaw dropped as he watched Del struggle to get out of the car. The man's face was gushing blood and his mangled hand held a pistol.

"MOTHERFUCKERRRRRRRR!!!" screamed Del, jumping free of the car and firing randomly again and again.

And then the sirens were all around the house and Preston heard a man yell, "Police! Drop the gun!"

A numbness overcame him as he watched Del spin around and point his pistol toward the voice. Myriad popping sounds came and Del's body began to disintegrate. But, just before he fell, he turned and looked squarely at Preston with glassy eyes. The image would leave an indelible memory.

****

Preston lazily stirred his coffee and gazed at the kitchen calendar. Soon, he would be 58 and it was time to think about retiring. It was time to take long cruises and enjoy life for a change. Stepping over unpacked moving boxes, he carried his coffee out to the terrace and took in an invigorating breath of sea air. Waves lapped softly at the beach below and two elderly women walked barefoot on the wet sand. Gulls circled overhead and the sun began to burn through the morning mist.

A telephone rang and he answered on a terrace extension. "Hello?"

"Preston....Paul. Tried to reach you last night."

"Yes?" asked Preston, impatiently.

"You got temporary custody. We'll work on the rest."

"Thanks."

"You got it."

He smiled and sighed, slowly hanging up.

"Preston?" came an adolescent sounding voice.

"Yeah, babe," said Preston, sticking his head through the sliding glass door. "You want to sit out here with me?"

"Yeah."

Preston opened the sliding door wider and a much thinner Ronald slowly rolled his wheel chair out onto the terrace. His eyelids drooped and he appeared retarded, but his smile was still winning. In the place of the hard young hustler was an innocent boy inside an atrophied man's body.

Preston sat next to him and patted his hand. "Looking good, kid. Want to try to walk on the beach today?"

Ronald smiled broadly and looked down at the beach.

"Just a little bit each day, Tiger. Okay? Got to get some weight on those bones."

"Yeah," said Ronald, with a small, child-like voice.

"And maybe, in a couple of months, we can go on a little vacation. You want to go on a vacation?"

"Sure, Preston." Ronald placed his arms around Preston and hugged him.

Preston looked into the innocent, green eyes and hugged Ronald back. "You remember Reggie?"

"Reggie?" A blank look came to his face.

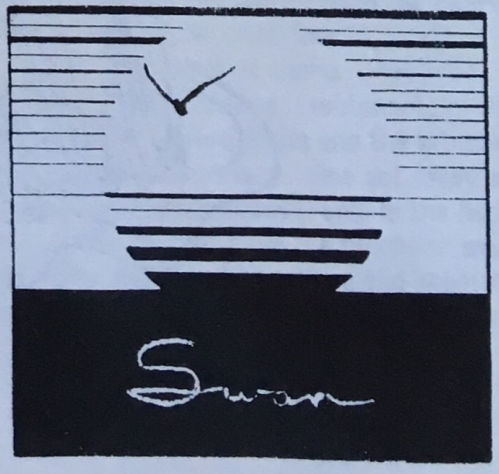
"He and his friend are coming from Tucson to stay for the weekend. You don't remember him?"

Ronald shook his head, confused.

"That's alright," said Preston, gently mussing Ronald's newly grown hair.

Ronald wheeled himself to the railing, fascinated by the sudden appearance of a jogger with two golden retrievers running beside him.

"He'll sure remember you," Preston mumbled. "He'll shit a brick."



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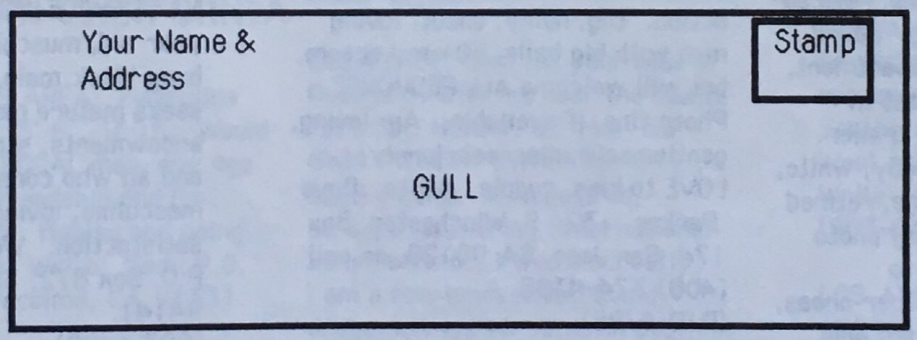

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NOTE: LETTERS NOT MEETING THE ABOVE SPECIFICATIONS WILL BE DESTROYED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD AT OUR EXPENSE.

ALASKA

LOOKING FOR SHORT CHUBS. Ages 30-70, prefer uncut with little body hair, to correspond with and possible meeting. Interested in photo exchange, nothing way-out, but enjoy lots of TLC. Travel extensively and may possibly visit your city. Insist on cleanliness and safe sex. Prefer "whole" person without any hang-ups. Looking for lasting friends only, not lover. Write: Al K., Box 90122, Anchorage, AK 99509. (K09-6/88)

ARIZONA

NEED A BUDDY, FULL OR PART TIME: GWM, 63, 5'-8", 200#, stocky build, masculine, blue eyes, bald with blond horseshoe, soft blond hair on chest and belly, hung very thick, retired military, easy-going. Spend winters in Phoenix apartment, then travel West Coast in summer with travel trailer. Looking for clean buddy, white, 45 to 70 years of age, retired military a plus. Enjoy photo exchange. Am open to suggestions to try other areas, too. Can travel and am also looking for buddies along the way. Answer my call and I'll respond! Wrtie: GOONY BIRD (G04-8/88)

WANTED: An older male friend (45 and up) in the Phoenix area. I am 59, 5'-8", 190#, gray, balding, with hazel eyes. I enjoy music, my dogs, my car, and being with a fellow. I'm friendly, caring, kind and considerate. If interested, write: L.A.F., Box 12276, Phoenix, AZ 85002 (F02-6/88)

LOOKING FOR CHUBBY, 60 OR OVER: GWM, 65, Phoenix Metro Area, 6', 205#, brown hair cut short, retired, hung short/cut, social drinker, smoker, like to travel, bridge playing. Widower. Looking for chubby gent, same age group with smaller to average endowment and view to a permanent relationship. Want a really affectionate, loveable man. My HIV test negative. Write: BECARD (B13-12/88)

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

SANTA CLARA: W/M, 61, 5'-11", 190, seeks friends who enjoy corresponding and exchanging nude photos. Your letter and photo receives mine in return! Come on, guys, looking forward to hearing from you! Al Dais, P.O. Box 3566, Santa Clara, CA 95055-3566 (D13-12/88)

SOUTH BAY: GWM, 52, semi-retired, grey/brown/balding, beard and moustache, 6', 210#, 6" cut. Seeks friends, contacts, action. Big, hairy, uncut, loving men with big balls, 50+ my dream, but will welcome ALL RESPONSE. Photo fine, if available. Am loving, gentlemanly, discreet, lonely. LOVE to kiss, cuddle. Write: Dave Parker, 1324 S. Winchester, Box 174, San Jose, CA 95128, or call (408) 374-4385. (P10-6/88)

BAY AREA: GWM, 63, 5'-7", 165#, masculine and successful, seeks similar man for friendship and occasional safe sex. Like lots of holding, touching and affection. Exchange photos. Write: TOWHEE (B14-6/88)

COUNTRY BOY: WM, 45, 5'-8", 160# lots of hair. Live alone in the country 50 miles east of S.F. Interested only in those 50+ who are NOT skinny, but who are THICK in the crotch. I'm masculine, a professional and successful. I perform well and like those who also perform. Write of call--get to know me. I have photos. Mike, 871 Villa Terrace, Brentwood, CA 94513. (415) 634-0933. (H21-6/88)

NORTH CENTRAL CALIFORNIA: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 175#, salt & pepper hair--would like to meet GWM, 35-50, for friends, penpals and possible relationship. Enjoy outdoors, travel, entertainment. Trim and hairy are pluses. Can relocate for right person. Prefer West Coast. Sincere masculine men write w/photo to: Alan, P.O. Box 698, Gilroy, CA 95021. (R04-2/89)

HOT IN SAN FRANCISCO: Let me be your friend, son or lover. I want to devote my life to you as I am attracted to older men. I am an attractive, trim, professional Japanese man who is 35 and romantic. All letters with photo will be answered. Write: NODDY (N03-6/88)

NATIONWIDE-MEN OVER 40: 55 year old, muscular and heavy hung black male, 6'-1", 165#, seeks mature men with generous endowments, stocky, hairy types, and all who consider themselves masculine, loving and into mutual satisfaction. Write: SUMMERS, P.O. Box 872, San Francisco, CA 94141. (S23-6/88)

SAN FRANCISCO PENINSULA: GWM, 57, 170#, professional w/large, country home. Seek companion for frequent overnight visits, travel, togetherness, safe sex fun. Blond, good body and hair, healthy, think positive, sexually versatile, comfortable with fulfilling most fantasies. Would like to develop lasting relationship and maybe future joint retirement plans. (Northern CA, Hawaii?) Write: Don Nelson, P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309. (M26-6/88)

SAN FRANCISCO: Quiet, affectionate GWM, 72, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, white hair, moustache. Would like to meet guys 40-60 for friendship and more. I am A/P French, 69. No kinky stuff or drugs. Like to watch Porno movies. Love to travel. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: YELLOWTHROAT
(Y01-10/88)

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

PHOTOS WANTED: 61, Big Man, 6'-5", 300 plus pounds. Fun to talk to and be with. Wants to correspond with short, stocky or fat men, body hair a big plus. Many interests: Good conversation, most sports, growing cactus, lot of foreplay and sex after, getting to know each other. Prefer letters to phone calls. Letters with photos answered first. Write: Big "D" P.O. Box 702, Paso Robles, CA 93447.
(S24-8/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES AREA: Masculine Oriental, 62, 5'-6", 160#. Would like to meet LOCAL men, any age or size for friendship and fun. Like outdoors, fishing and going to Las Vegas. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 4343, Pacoima, CA 91331.
(K02-6/88)

SANTA BARBARA AND VENTURA: W/M, 72 years old on July 4, 1988. Physically and sexually active, 5'-8", 160 #, A-P/Fr, P/Gr, very affectionate. Seeks contact with one guy or a coouple for fun and games. Write: Yankee Doodle, P.O. Box 123, Oak View, CA 03022
(H01-6/88)

I'VE GOT BALLS! 62 year old, hairy hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, well hung, clean shaven, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: K.S.S., P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.
(S02-10/88)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD: White male, mid forties, 6', 210#, thinning blondish blue eyes, hairy, husky build. Enjoy most safe and sane french action and tend toward bottom role. Enjoy issatiable types and lots of close body contact. Enjoy giving massage in relaxed environs. National contacts. Write: AVOCET
(A05-12/88)

BURBANK WANTS PASSIVE: GWM, 55, 6', 200#, hairy and strong, seeks friendly, actual passive. Enjoy men over 40 up to ? All welcome but silver or grey hair and under 6 feet are pluses. Am aggressive but gentle. I want a light or casual affair--the closer the better. San Fernando Valley, Glendale preferred. All considered. Answer all. Write: L.O., P.O. Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.
(M05-12/88)

OCEANSIDE: Cum tan your hide in Oceanside with me near the beach. I'm a hot, HORNY, 63 year old GWM PIONEER SWANERO, 5'-7", stocky build. As a retired, straight-appearing, international administrator, I live discreetly. I am a non-smoker and avoid drugs, but am versatile in bed. Your photo gets mine. Write: QUAIL.
(D02-10/88)

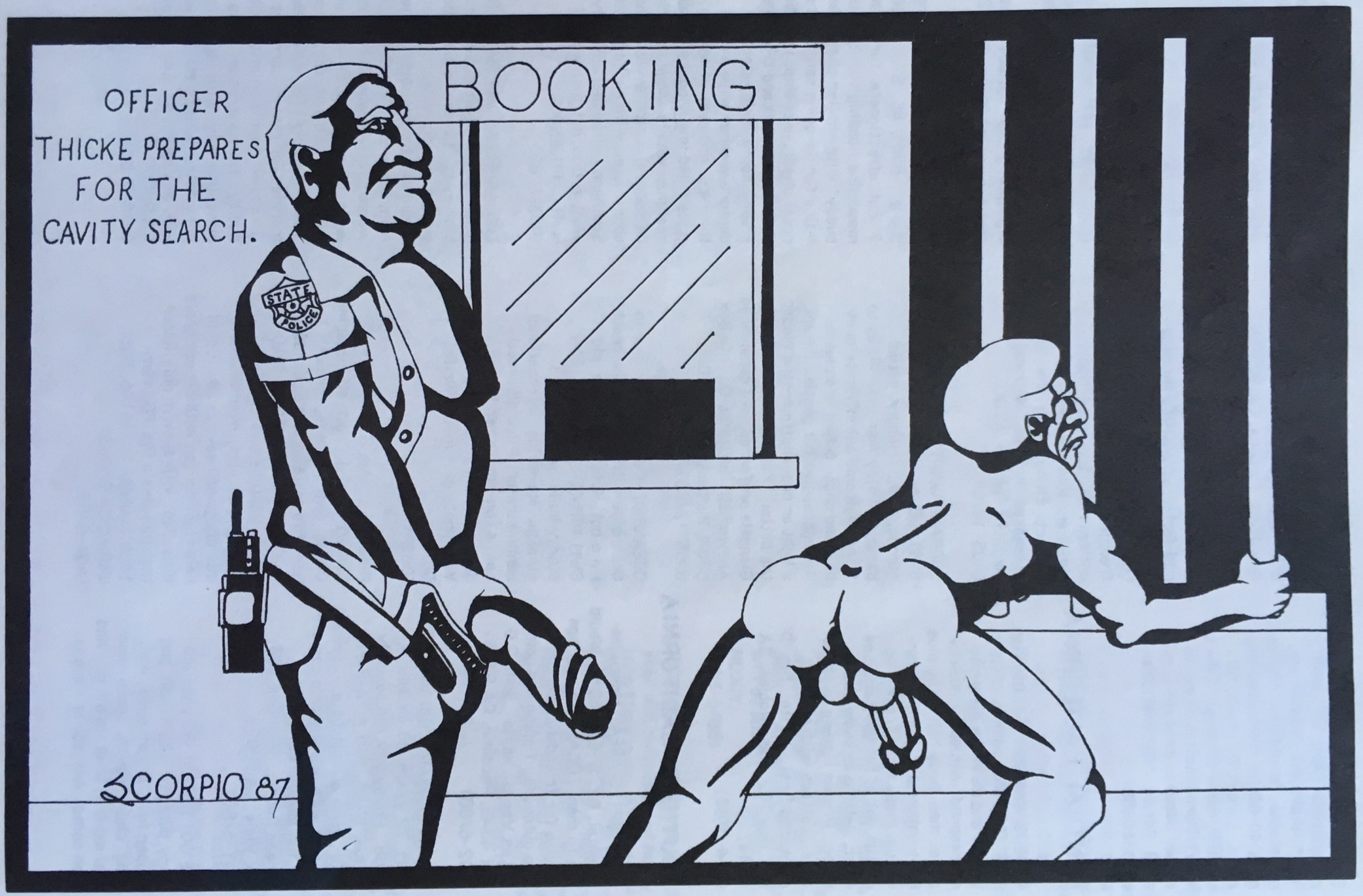
HORNY 56: Am 5'-9", 180#, Blond/Blue, 7U. Have all material things, own business, friends. Need life mate to share, including lovely home with VERY private pool in Ventura County. Seek stocky/muscular, over 35, not into drugs or heavy drink. Could help right person with career goals if needed. Will answer only letter that includes a PHOTO. Mark, 1409 Keuhner Dr., #146, Simi Valley, CA 93063.
(A01-6/88)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: White, 54, 6', 190#, non-smoker, social drinker, seeks fun and friends. Interested in travel, bicycling, country living. French active and passive, 69 and safe sex. Photo if possible. Prefer men over 40. Write: PELICAN
(K05-6/88)

NEWPORT BEACH: GWM, 53, 6'-1", 240#, seeks chubby, older men into friendship and action and what ever else it leads to. Photo exchange. Write: Gerald Wessley, 2110 16th St., Apt. Q114, Newport Beach, CA 92663.
(W16-6/88)

MATURE TEDDY-BEAR WANTS SAME: GWM, 46, 5'-9", 180#, 7" cut, affectionate, furry and masculine; looking for "special buddy" with similar characteristics for on-going safe and reciprocal phallic-worship; including A/P French, J/O and 69. Prefer a very hairy, bald, stocky, denture wearer with a large, thick-cut endowment and big, juice filled low hangers. Want a real man who is eager to suck and be sucked, "butch style." Photo appreciated with explicit letter. Southern California/L.A. only. Want action, not just words! Write: PHOENIX.
(R03-8/88)

LOS ANGELES: WM, 56, 5'-8", 155# 5 1/2", salt & pepper hair, blue eyes. I travel a great deal, but am looking forward to retiring. Would like to meet bisexual white man, 60 to 75, clean & healthy, warm hearted, who likes kissing and cuddling. Must be very well hung. Cut or uncut, okay. I am starting a new life. Have been married for many years, but am free now. I am also interested in nudity. No drinkers or drugs. Masculine only, with big balls and grey hair. Write: Mr. Michaels, P.O. Box 69-A-61, Los Angeles, CA 90069.
(M18-8/88)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SAN DIEGO AREA: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 180#, brown eyes, brown hair (what is left), 7 1/2" uncut. Hot and horny. Looking for fun and companionship during the day. Into safe sex and 69. Photo if possible. Write: Jim, 601 Telegraph Canyon, Apt. 257, Chula Vista, CA 92010.
(H17-6/88)

WEST HOLLYWOOD DAD: 49, 5'-9", 210#, engineer, wants a totally self-supporting son who doesn't use drugs or alcohol. Let's touch each other and sleep close. I'm a safe top, like mutual JO, movies, bicycling, and overnight trips. Call: George, (213) 851-0369.
(B20-10/88)

LOS ANGELES: GWM, 68, 5'-8", 150#, 6 1/2" cut, wants uncut cocks to service and play with. Your photo gets mine. Any age or race but blacks or latins a plus. Write: AJM, 1946 N. Kenmore, Los Angeles, CA 90027, or call (213) 662-9521. (M03-10/88)

HEY! ARE YOU: A masculine, dominant top under 55 years of age? I'm GWM, 70, 5'-7", 210#, balding grey, blue eyes.... And I need you. Be reliable, sincere, clean and fun. I am! Call: K.P. - LA area (213) 374-0206.
(J03-10/88)

NEWPORT BEACH: GWM, 53, 6'-1" 240#, seeks chubby older men into friendship and action and whatever else it leads to. Photo exchange. Write: Gerald Wessley, 2110-16th St., Apt. Q114, Newport Beach, CA 92663.
(W16-6/88)

PALM SPRINGS AREA: GWM, 65, 5'-9", 200#, muscular, hairy, masculine, silver hair, very healthy. Enjoy literature, theatre, classical music and the outdoors. Have own business and home with spa and pool. Seek GWM retiree who is stable, intelligent and someone who can relocate. Serious replies only. Write: SEA EAGLE
(S19-10/88)

SHERMAN OAKS: 6'-2", 225 lbs of muscle, weight lifter, 52" chest, 38" waist, 18" arms, big pecs and big hot nipples, medium hairy, 7" cut, big low hangers, hot, passionate, affectionate, demonstrative, deep throat (safe sex) and more, plus 66 years old, moustache and damned attractive. Looking for friends, companion and lover--one to one. Write: L.G.M., P.O. Box 5781, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. Photo and phone number please. Go for me!
(M07-12/88)

RELATIONSHIP: B/M, 31, 5'-7", 160#, working, seeks W/M, 45+, stocky, clean shaven, for loving, live-in relationship. Write: Richie, P.O. Box 654, Reseda, CA 91335.
(P12-8/88)

YOUNG MAN WANTED IN PALM SPRINGS: GWM, 56, professional, distinguished, 5'-8", 180# (and losing), seeks 21-36 or so Caucasian, Hispanic or Asian gay male who enjoys older men. Me: Gentle, caring, easy-going, but success-oriented. You: compatible personality, with slim to moderate build. I seek someone to share bed, apartment and life, who is willing to work to contribute to own support, or vigorously pursue college or technical training. I do not desire to be a "sugar daddy" to anyone. Will help personable, friendly guy who lives in, or would like to live in, desert area--Palm Springs or environs. Enjoy tennis, swimming, long drives a plus. Prefver no drugs, smoke or alcohol, but some moderate use okay. Write: BACHMAN'S SPARROW.
(B22-10/88)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EUROPEAN: Long Beach W.M., 71 years old, 5'-11", 195#, active, horny, seeks nice and hung friend who can relocate to share my own apt. Must be honest, 65 years or older, hairy if possible, not heavy set (slim is my type). I am very honest, sincere and discreet. Love all sort of sex. Love is important. Your photo gets mine. Answer all. Love music, fishing, T.V. at night, massages, kissing and hugging. Write to: Jack Kepr, 360 W. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach, CA 90802. Tel. (213) 435-1774.
(K11-6/88)

WEST HOLLYWOOD: GWM, 56, 5'-11", 148#, slim, salt/pepper chest/hair/moustache. Looking for GM, 21 to 45. Pen pals, nude photo exchange, father/son relationship okay. Your nude photo/letter gets mine. Write: G. Grizell, #109-182, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90046.
(G10-6/88)

50 OR OLDER TO PLAY with the healing arts of kissing, cuddling, love-making and an affectionate WM, 5'-8", 150, Brazilian, who is genuinely into older men and lives in Beveraly Hills. From Rossini to Einstein, any art, any science interests me. If you like fine dining, movies and fun, this 25 year old would love to hear from you, if you would be so kind. Priority for those under 6'-2" with less than 200 pounds. Clergy extremely welcome. Write to: "Toucano", 270 N. Canon Dr., Suite 1360, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.
(R18-8/88)

LOS ANGELES: Masculine, white, monogamous minded, professional, 64, 5'-10", 162#, hairy body, average hung with bull's balls, cut, HIV-Neg, salt and pepper with beard, non-smoker, seldom drinker, nudist. Incredible masseur. Love intimate, active life with right person. Seeking younger son-lover, HIV-Neg, to share life. All races okay. Asians, Latins Blacks are a plus. Please be stable, loving, sincere. Your nude photo, phone get mine. Serious replies to Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90052.
(W19-2/89)

ROOSTER HAWK SEEKS ELIGIBLE EDIBLES: GWM, 32, 5'-10", 270#, brown/brown, good looking, charismatic, fun loving, masculine--seeks mature roosters with big, thick hands and fingers. Beer bellies, bald, dentures, husky okay too. Must have pleasant disposition and positive outlook. Looks unimportant. Write: ROOSTERHAWK (B24-10/88)

COLORADO

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TOMCAT EATS BIRDS: GWM, 60, 5'-7", 200#, brown/gray hair, blue eyes, glasses, 6" cut, 46" hairy chest/belly, pecs, clean shaven, masculine, clean, presentable, pipe smoker, affectionate, congenial, versatile, discreet. Retired professional, can travel, A/P French/Greek. Like porn, puzzles, petting. Seek clean, amiable, honest, mature white/black/latin, no beard, for safe sex. No rough stuff. Photo, if possible. Write: Jimbo, 8356 W. 90th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80020. (B18-6/88)

DESIRE ELDERLY TEDDY BEAR: I am 41, 5'-11", 200# (with pot belly). Kind, considerate, discreet, sincere, aim to please. Interests: computers, games, musical theatre, dining out, sex with TLC. No S/M. Desire fun loving, kind man with big belly over 55. Bald and short 5'-8" or less a big plus, but not necessary. Please include a picture (nude if possible), mine in return. Write: Ron (SHAG), 1330 Gaylord St. #904, Denver, CO 80206 (C14-6/88)

BRUSH: Military Retired, white male, 58, 5'-8", 160#, brown eyes, salt/pepper hair, 6 1/2" cut, horny, clean and safe. Welcome letters from 50 to 80 years young for fun and games. Answer all. Write: BEETDIGGER (T06-10/88)

CONNECTICUT

E. HARTFORD: Horny, masculine, retired, 55, 5'-10", 178#, brown hair, hazel eyes, uncut 7+ inches. Enjoy slow, sensuous caressing and French loving. Would like to meet and/or exchange photos with masculine mature men, 55-80. My fantasy man would look a little like Archie Bunker or the father on Happy Days. Prefer non smoker, casual drinker with very little body hair. Plusses would be into golfing, bowling, nude bathing and dentures. Please write and exchange photos to: Auditor, P.O. Box 18601, East Hartford, CT 06118. (L09-8/88)

HARTFORD: Youthful, mid 50's, 5'-9", 190#, healthy, energetic, non-smoking Catholic. Wide range of interests include: The Arts, theatre gourmet cooking, quiet times, wild times, travel, books, visual stimulation. Seeking emotionally mature guy who appreciates and is ready for committment. Pen pals are great, but you can't hug a letter! Relocation on my part a definite possibility. Write: SWAN READER, P.O. Box 31463, Hartford, CT 06103. (A03-10/88)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Semi-retired, white, husky man, masculine in both demeanor and appearance, 6' 220#, 61 years old, gray beard/mustache, crewcut brown hair, moderately hairy, 6 1/2" uncut, beer-gut. Am honest, straightforward and 100% uninhibited about ALL male sex. Am primarily a sucker and licker, front and back, all over, and prefer the same. Also heavy into J/O and W/S and phallic-worship. Lengthy discussions about our cocks and balls. If distance is too great for a meeting, will correspond/swap naked photos with men everywhere who can be open and honest about their needs and wants, and listen to mine. Cocksize is of little importance. Prefer heavyset, either tall or stocky men, hairy and uncut 40-80, but absolutely ALL will be answered. Am single, live alone in an apartment, am friendly and down-to-earth. All I ask is that you be mature and masculine, and love cock. Write: GANNET (G14-8/88)

FLORIDA

SEEK DOMINANT MASCULINE BUDDY Masculine, creative, mature, submissive Italian, 55, 5'-11", 178#, needs and will earn the attention of an ardent, unselfish, mature, very Greek/active, educated man (black/white). Prefer very stable, very loving man of dicipline (career military/law/engineer), who has a great appetite for administering deep, deep affection. Share intelligent conversation, quiet music, outdoors, TLC, each other. No good alone--Need hairy buddy for long relationship. Reality, not fantasy. Photo gets mine. Write: Chuck Travaglio, 600 N.E. 25th St. #75, Miami, FL 33137 or call (305) 576-5728. (T02-2/89)

RETIRING TO SOUTHWEST 6-88: Romantic, 61, 5'-10", 230#, WM, seeks monogamous mateship with gently aggressive, masculine, 40 to 70. I'm sincere, devoted homebody who doesn't smoke/drink/do drugs. Into cooking, writing, swimming, vegetarianism, the arts, show biz buff, business and people. Pluses are tall, healthy, muscular. Photo/phone answered first. Write: KOOKABURRA. (S10-6/88)

SOUTHWEST FLORIDA: Quiet gentleman, retired professional, 55, white, 5'-7", 160#, brown eyes, brown/gray hair. Seeking permanent relationship with quiet, masculine, clean-living 25-40 year old man. I am affectionate, caring, clean and sincere J. Lemon lookalike. Write: P.J., 1195 NE Maraldo Ave., North Port, FL 34287.
(H18-8/88)

FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: South western Florida, GW couple have new home, would like other couples for friendship or live in share expenses. Must be friendly, honest, sincere and trustworthy. One is 59, 5'-10", brown hair and eyes, 220#. Other is 38, 6'-1", brown hair and eyes, mustache, 220#. Photo with first letter, please. Write: Jerry Greaux, 262 Willowick Way, Venice, FL 34293.
(G17-6/88)

WANTED: BIG, HAIRY MEN: Wanted by 39 year old redhead. Me: 5'-10", 185 lb, HIV neg. and want to stay that way. Prefer SERGEANT SAVAGE (Feb88) type, but all will be answered. Age is a state of mine. Answer my call nationwide. Write: David Middleton, P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33764.
(M24-8/88)

YOUNG MAN SEEKS OLDER GENT: Mature, straight acting, masculine GWM, 30, 6'0" and 165#, seeks safe, discreet gentleman, 40-65. Prefer hairy and muscular or stocky type. I am fairly hairy and hung large. I would like an older buddy with whom I can share caring, honesty and trust, as well as fun and great sex. Photo gets mine. Write: D.J., P.O. Box 05-0852, Ft. Myers, FL 33905.
(J01-2/89)

CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1", 145# and 63, 5'-7", 135#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.
(B09-4/89)

S.W. FLORIDA-NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 6 feet, white hair, 200#, retired U.S. Navy and medical professional, seeking men 50+, honest, sincere, caring. Cannot relocate at this time. Will answer all letters with photo. Phone # if convenient. Write: C.C. Moore, 316 Pioneer Pl., North Fort Myers, FL 33917.
(M27-8/88)

CENTRAL FLORIDA: Masculine, GWM, 58, 6',150#, grey/bind, clean shaven. Do not drink or use drugs of any kind. Extremely oral. Worship cock, balls and ass. Compatible 3 ways OK. Professional. Discrete. Clean and healthy. Come visit for fun and great sex. Race and size unimportant. Write: M. Wood, 2681 E. Washington #10, Eustis, FL 32726. (904) 589-6975.
(W18-4/89)

GEORGIA

ATLANTA: GWM, 45, 6'-2", 210#, smoker and moderate drinker would like to meet 50+, very hairy, husky, 200#+, muscular man for friendship and possible living and traveling together. Lost lover of 15 years last year. Have still a lot of love to give and to receive. I am financially independent and secure. Enjoy very much the home life and another's company instead of running to bars. Really not interested in fems or drugs, nor one night stands, but a stable mature person. Letter with photo would be appreciated. Write: OSPREY.
(P02-10/88)

ATLANTA: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 170#, non smoker, quiet, loving, love to travel, snow ski, dining out. Could relocate (especially California). Seeking 50+, heavy set, straight acting person for traveling companion or permanent relationship. Appreciate photo with letter. Write: MURRELET.
(M25-4/89)

ILLINOIS

TO CHICAGO AREA OLDER MEN: I am 63 and of Italian extraction. Would like to develop intimate relationship with a really older man, late 60's, 70's, 80's or even early 90's. Old age is a turn-on for me. I would love to massage you all over and make you feel good in return for your affection. Send photo and I'll send mine. Write or call: Victor J. Engandela, 8465 W. Lawrence Ave., Apt. 3A, Chicago, IL 60656. (312) 589-2882.
(E02-12/88)

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS AREA: Gentleman, 61, 6'-4" tall, weight 180's, white, single, quiet, conservative, somewhat of a loner. Mail address private. Offer and expect discretion, trust and reliability. Seek kindred soul as to myself but would consider dad/son relationship. Southern Illinois, St. Louis area, Western Kentucky and Southeast Missouri. Man-to-man relationship ONLY! Send replies to SWAN READER, P.O. Box 5, Steeleville, IL 62288.
(S01-8/88)

ILLINOIS/WISCONSIN: GWM, 61, 5'-7", 158#, distinguished looking, salt & pepper hair and moustache, hairy body, masculine fun loving, sharp witted, popular. Seeks a mature man, masculine, any race. I'm very flexible and travel quite a bit. Write: LONGSPUR
(L07-10/88)

CENTRAL ILLINOIS: Chubby Chaser, GWM, healthy, well built, moderate body hair, 64, 5'-9", 180#, free to travel, collect VCR movies. Desire mature, heavy-set for correspondence and meeting. Will exchange pictures and return them if desired. Write: NUTHATCH.
(N04-10/88)

CHICAGO AREA: GWM Engineer, 60, 6'-1 1/2", 200# wants any age, 220# plus, strong, heavyset playmate bottom to horseplay, carry me piggyback, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, cuddle, safe sex, etc. with me. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.
(L03-4/89)

INDIANA

INDIANA: Masculine gay white male, 43, 6'-4", 200#. Looking for 60 years up, white/grey haired fellows. Photo is required! I'm honest, sincere and expect same. Can travel/entertain. Prefer Midwest, but not limited to same. Write: LOON
(R02-6/88)

IOWA

S.E. IOWA: GWM, 39, 6', 200#, honest, affectionate, masculine, HIV negative, non-smoker. I enjoy outdoors, quiet times. Seek friendship, social contacts, possible relationship with older, heavy set men, 50+. Photo. Write: HERON.
(H20-6/88)

KENTUCKY

CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS-YOUNG AND OLD: GWM, 70, 5'-11", 160#, 6" cut, looking for kindred spirits (and bodies). I like cock, kissing, cuddling, affection in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40501.
(W13-4/89)

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE: GWM, sixtyish, 5'-9", 190#, semi-retired architect. Widower. Active physically and sexually. Versatile. Interested in all the arts, travel, good food and wine, spectator sports, gay VCR tapes, interested in pen-pals any age or location and possible meetings. Not looking for permanent relationship. Write: Smith, 7640 LaSalle #201, Baton Rouge, LA 70806 Phone: (504) 923-1432
(S15-10/88)

MASSACHUSETTS

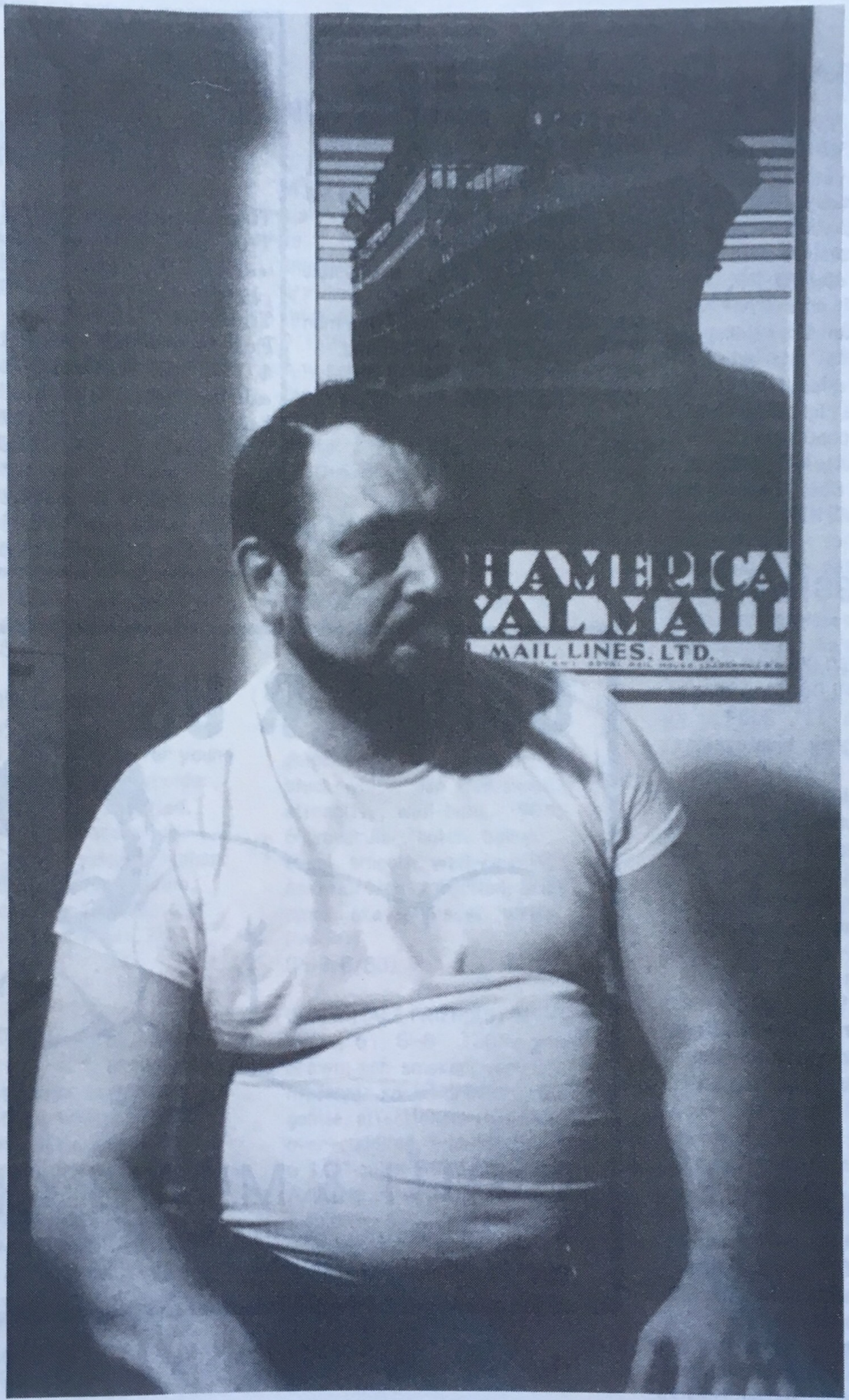
NAVY WANTS NAVY: Navy vet, 67, WWII and Korea (submarines), blue eyes, greying brown hair, 5'-7", 130#, wishes to correspond with other veterans and those who always admired and wanted sailors. Men who wear black socks are especially sought to compare the magic these socks have on each of us. Eager to meet and enjoy mutual nudity and male sex. Write: COCKATIEL
(G15-8/88)

MASS/USA: GWM, 62, 5'-7" 145#, blue eyes, gray/brown hair, good buns, healthy, masculine, affectionate, ex-Navy. Travel widely on job, like reading, music, swimming, sunbathing (nude) and travel. Seek similar men (40+), any race, who enjoy massage, body contact with J/O and French. Let's correspond, exchange nude photos. Possibly meet for companionship, fun, nudity and male sex. Write: SWAN READER, DELTA/157, 310 Franklin St., Boston, MA 02110.
(F01-12/88)

PROVINCETOWN: Anybody out there who would like to exchange nude photos and correspondence, for safe fun, with a GWM, who is 40 years old, 5'-8", 150#, 7" cut, brown eyes, average good looks and balding? I'm turned on to mature men, both in mind and body. Age, weight, looks unimportant. Your nude photo gets mine. I'm honest and discreet. Please reply with photo to: Vince, P.O. Box 1382, Provincetown, MA 02657.
(Q01-8/88)

NEW ENGLAND TO SOUTH FLORIDA: GWM, 47, 6', 200#, winters in Florida. Looking for straight appearing sexy men 55 up for good times. Pluses are SWAN model and cartoon types. I'm A/P FR and GR, straight acting, cuddly, good looks, aggressive. So seniors, write frankly and tell me what you like. Photo a must. Telephone # if possible. I can travel and have photos. Write:THRASHER
(T05-8/88)

ROBIN NEEDS SEED: 56, W, 5'-8", 195#, blue/brown (greying), stocky, thick cut 6", athletic, love bicycle trips, stopping to make love with all ages, sexes, singles, groups. Very sweet, active, exhibitionistic, photogenic. Can be dominant with women. With men, am soft, feminine, submissive and receptive all ways and openings. Eager to insatiable when taken often or by many at once. Can travel. Write: Robin Peterson, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Box 167, Boston, MA 02115.
(P14-10/88)



MIKE

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL G.

MICHIGAN

LIKES BIG BUNS. White male, 27, 5'-7", 150#, thick 6" cut, brown eyes and hair, moustache, hairy chest, affectionate, wants to hear from heavy seniors with big buns. Prefer 57-70, under 5'-10", over 220#, grey or white hair, balding and big buns. Interested in hot sex and lasting friendship with the right man. Please send photo. Will answer all letters. Write: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150
(S20-8/88)

NATIONWIDE: Want to catch a horney, handsome, GWM, silver fox, 59, 6'-1", 190#? Masculine, outgoing, passionate, professional designer. Like all the arts, gourmet cooking, good wine, videos and a hot sack! Interested in explicit correspondence, phone calls, possible meetings, and even possible future relationship. Want to appreciate the pleasures of this man in high heat? Photo appreciated, will reciprocate. Write: A.H.H., 10310 Monarch Dr., St. Louis, MO 63136.
(H24-12/88)

COME TO THE CLIFF, HE SAID.
THEY SAID, WE ARE AFRAID.
COME TO THE CLIFF, HE SAID.
THEY CAME.
HE PUSHED THEM.
AND THEY FLEW.

The Jonathan Karol Tapes... The everything you've always wanted to know about metaphysics, The New Age and New Thought.....for GAY people! For more information, send $1.00 or a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: JONATHAN, Box 40462, San Diego, CA 92104.

"The tapes I might take with me to a deserted island for my listening enrichment."

MISSISSIPPI

ARKANSAS/LOUISIANA/ MISSISSIPPI DELTA AREA: WM, 55, 5'-11", 200#, brown w/grey, blue eyes, body hair, 6" cut, Fr A/P, Gr P, seeking top man, 50+ for friendship, companionship. Love to make love to hunky, hefty man. I enjoy all music except rock. Like reading, movies, boating, swimming--some T.V. No boozers, drugs, S &M or B & D. Relationship? Maybe. Write: SWANNER, 129 E. Havana, Greenville, MS 38701.
(T03-6/88)

CHUBS R US

GIRTH & MIRTH CLUB

A Social Club for Big Men & Their Admirers

c/o DMS, Box 513, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011

MISSOURI

MID MISSOURI: W/M, professional, 64, average size, wants to makefriends, 35-70. Quiet and somewhat shy. El Chaparral great. Married, okay. Cleanliness and discretion important. Enjoy travel, theatre, nudity. Big, stocky, hairy great but not a must. Photo and phone number, please for this uncut and horny guy. Some travel possible. Write: FINCH
(F04-8/88)

NO ANSWER FROM A BIRD CODEWORD ADVERTISER? DID YOU SE IT IN PER THE INSTRUCTIONS? WE DON'T FORWARD MAIL AT OU EXPENSE.

NEW JERSEY

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM SEEKS GR/A TOP: Intelligent, masculine, Bi WM, 5'-11", 165#, 59, HIV neg., thick 6" cut, firm, lithe, gym-toned responsive body and buns, tactile and demonstrative, erect posture, steady gaze, high cheekbones, bald top/cropped salt and pepper fringe. Dig submission and control. Enjoy companionship, music, philosophy, art, science and psychology. Volunteer with disabled, am loyal friend. Any race, age, over 6" or thick. Call Ken: (201) 592-6690; if recording, leave number.
(G12-8/88)

NEW JERSEY: GWM, 60, 5'-8", 195#, brown hair (gray at temples). I am looking for young man who is interested in older, mature men. I am educated, friendly, loyal, sincere and generous. Good sense of humor. I am French A/P, masculine, and affectionate. Write: R.M. P.O. Box 200, Closter, NJ 07624.
(M28-12/88)

NORTHERN N.J. AREA: GWM, 27, 5'-11", 140#, brown hair blue eyes, seeks to establish a relationship with a mature man. I am clean, independent, sensitive and discreet. Enjoy art, quiet times, love dining out and trying new things. I would like to meet someone to spend my free time with. Please respond to: G.Mandon, P.O. Box 431, Ridgewood, NJ 07451-0431
(S25-8/88)

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO: Looking for 60+ male for 3rd person in our household. Need A/Fr, P/Gk, who likes animals and country living. We are Anglo, 61, 6', 6 1/2" medium thick and Mexican, 40, 6'-1", 7 1/2" thick and still growing. Any race or body. Looks unimportant. Aries, Leos, Sagittarius, Gemini a plus. Photo please. Write: KITTIWARE
(K10-6/88)

NEW YORK

NEW YORKER SEEKS DAD: I'm 61, GWM, who is just now "Lookin for Dad." I attract younger men but I want to service my Dad (see page 49 of August Issue); he's husky, dominant, loving, short or tall, black/white. I'm affectionate, attractive, well-built, 190#, 6', muscular, butch, hairy chest, smooth, well-rounded ass--all kinds of action, drink, smoke okay--no scat. Write: PARROT
(P09-8/88)

OLDER MALE FRIEND(S) WANTED: White, 61, 5'-8", 150#, grey/brown, non-smoker, very moderate social drinker, clean, gentle, affectionate (but not the over-cuddling, wet-kissing type), 6 1/2" cut X 5" thick. Prefer A/P French with older men, but would try passive French with younger ones (40's-50's). Seriously considering selling house and moving if right man (or couple) were found. Write: ANHINGA.
(A11-8/88)

TWO WISE MEN: 50 and 70, who love each other but want to meet hunky, hairy singles or couples. Not as threesomes, but one-on-one. Senior is 6', 190# silver fox. Junior, 5'-11", 187#, balding, with salt and pepper neat beard. Both attractive and successful. No bars, drugs, fems, kinks, just good safe sex. Versatile for he who pushes the right buttons. Photos will get ours. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 6503, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150
(L10-8/88)

SON SEEKS DAD: GWM, 35, dark brown hair, 150#, seeks over 50 masculine type. Live in the NYC area and looking for a good relationship. I am passive and enjoy serving my dad. I'm sincere, discreet, caring and eager to please. Able to travel. Send photo if possible. Write: A.R.C., P.O. Box 7630, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150
(A07-12/88)

SENIOR J/O: Senior white male likes masturbation with men over 55. Play with my hard on while I jerk yours. Can exchange explicit correspondence, tapes, photos, videos. Write: MOCKINGBIRD
(M13-6/88)

55 YEAR OLD BIG BEAR: looks 45, thinks younger. 6'-6", heavy set. Looking for men, 40-60 into good conversation and all sorts of good times. Needs simple: friend and sex mate. J/O and tits a turn on. All replies will be answered. Write: BLUETHROAT.
(B19-6/88)

NEW YORK: GWM, 46, 6', 225#, wants to meet and service 55 to ?, uncut, GWM's. Love kinky, W.S., etc. If you're in NY or visiting, write: F.R., Box 528, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.
(R17-6/88)

LOVING UNCLE, 65: Wants to meet loving nephews, 30 to 50, slim, hairless or nearly. Mutual and reciprocal safe action with any race. No drugs, non-smokers preferred. Your letter and photo gets mine. Retired, limited income --am not a sugar daddy! But I'll hug you with hairy arms, press a stocky German-American body against yours, and make you feel loved. Write: Bob Luck, 150 E. 27th St., Apt. 1-G, New York, NY 10016
(L13-6/88)

FIRE ISLANDER SEEKS COMPANION OR MATE: Retired, white, not fem, 64 years, 5'-6", 150#, brown hair, modest endowment, cut, moderate belly. Uninhibited sexually, horny, affectionate. French A/P, Greek P, enjoy kissing, intimacy, nudity, porno, home life, entertaining. Uncut a plus. Dislikes: Overly chubby, scat, bars, fems. Secure. Can visit or entertain. Any race. Want meetings, not pen pals. Winters in Puerto Rico. Write: BR, 890 Ashford Ave., Apt. 8C, San Juan, PR 00907. After May 1: BR, Box 36, Cherry Grove, NY 11782.
(R16-6/88)

40 Y/O BOTTOM SEEKS TOP: GWM, Italian, hairy, moustache, masculine, 185#-solid, balding, 5'-11", stable, sane, not into bars, looking to please the right man (to 60) with lots of affection and hot (safe) sex. You: masculine, strong, hairy, moustache a plus (no beards). Live in Manhattan, travel U.S. International correspondence, meetings--anything is possible. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: DOVEKIE
(D11-12/88)

HIRSUTE NEW YORKER: Bald, white beard, body completely covered with hair, 56, 185#, 5'-11", 6" cut cock, 100% orally oriented (front and rear), seeks explicit and imaginative leters from hot and horny men nationwide who love sex as much as I do. Also interested in meetings in the Northeast--D.C. to Boston. You won't be disappointed. Write: GADWALL
(G18-6/88)

BOSS RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH: Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 48, 5'-7", 163#, well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattoed, successful professional. Wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks. Have diverse interests and am a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/ buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone numbler to: Bob Seifer, 260 West 22 St., New York, NY 10011.
(S21-12/88)

BIG GUY: 6'-3", 285#, 42, SWAN model. I am a masculine ex-navy man, beer drinker, cigar smoker with varied interests. I am bearded with a firm, furry beer gut. Looking for F/A companion, 50+. Would like to hear from all areas. See my photo in the June 88 issue. Write: MIKE (Codeword)
(D14-12/88)

WESTERN NEW YORK AND NATIONWIDE: Bi WM, 5'-7" 180#, brown/brown, 42, uncut 8" and thick, French A/P, Greek A/Passive(?) Seeks males 50-? Weight doesn't matter. Write, exchange photos (clothed and nude), exchange experiences, visits. Write: Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Rd. Medina, NY 14103
(M30-6/88)

NORTH CAROLINA

RETIRED ARMY MAN SEEKS TOP MAN: GWM, 59, 5'-8 1/2", 145# lonely, gentle guy looking for love, companionship, good times. I like to fish, hunt, go on long walks and enjoy quiet evenings. I'm a non smoker, mild drinker, good at oral sex and great bottom man. All letters answered. Prefer 40 and over age group. I'm full time employee at Ft. Bragg, N.C. Write: Andy, P.O. Box 124, Spring Lake, NC 28390
(A13-10/88)

OHIO

AKRON/CANTON AREA: GWM, 5'-10", 210#, 56, rugged, muscular, uncut thick, partially bald with grey/brown fringe, moderately hairy, man's man and SWAN model. Don't smoke or drink. Looking for an honest, caring, clean, trustworthy, big hearted, mature, father type, who is looking for an ultimate relationship. Write: BLUEBIRD
(P13-12/88)

OREGON

SOUTHWEST OREGON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 200#, quite muscular, ex-football player, weightlifter, boxer, wrestler, rodeo rider. Seeks the quiet, fatherly type,

discreet, non drinker, shorter, heavy set and over 55. Looking for permanent, live-in, one-on-one mate. Write with photo, please to: MEADOWLARK
(B02-8/88)

OREGON/WASHINGTON/WEST COAST: GWM, non smoker, 56, 5'-8", 155#, lite brown hair, blue eyes, good bod, 6" medium thick/cut. Has non-sexual relationship with lover. Would like to meet man in similar situation, non-promiscuous type, for on-going safe-sex buddy/friendship. I'm Greek active, primarily, but versatile. Will exchange nude pictures. Love the outdoors, skiing, swimming, hiking. Write SWAN READER, P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area)
(W09-4/89)

PENNSYLVANIA

MEXICAN DESCENT, GM, 54: Wants healthy, take-charge GWMs, 50+, for dating and exploring intimacy and friendship, then possible monogamous commitment. No alcohol/drugs, but okay if you're recovering. Youthful outlook and humor important. Like gardening, art, travel, some sports. Naturally affectionate and loves hugging, touching. Replies to: Destino Lindo, 2417 Manning St., Philadelphia, PA 19103.
(L14-8/88)

PA/NATIONWIDE: I want to be dominated by an older male, up to age 85. Want someone virile robust and intelligent--beer belly and hung big or thick is a plus. I am 43, 5'-10", black hair, Italian descent, ultra slender, delicate physique, youthful appearance and outlook, 6 1/2" uncut. My interests include art, music, literature, writing, history, the occult and finding a lasting friendship with a virile older mentor. My personality is on the shy, sensitive, bookish side. Write: Carl, P.O. Box 5, Saint Clair, PA 17970.
(A14-4/89)

SOUTH DAKOTA

UPPER MIDWEST: GWM, 5'-7", 190#, seeks men, 18-40, straight appearing, slender, honest and sincere for correspondence and meeting. Photo appreciated. Write: CATBIRD
(C18-6/88)

TEXAS

SOMETHING DIFFERENT! A Texan with small to medium dick! Yes, there are a few of us down here. Rather typical 64 year old who wears glasses, slightly pot-bellied, 180#, 5'-9", drink beer, smoke, ordinary looking but blessed with a good sense of humor and love water sports. Write, or if near, come by. We could find something to do. Live alone. Not necessarily looking for anything permanent. Frank Davis, 103 S.E. 19th St., Apt. #24, Mineral Wells, TX 76067
(D05-6/88)

SOUTHEAST TEXAS: GWM couple, 67, 5'-10", 175# and 54, 6'-4", 200#. Looking for friends and J/O buddies. Californians temporarily working in Texas. We like beach movies, gay video, books, letters, photos. Write: B & J, P.O. Box 280, Wadsworth, TX 77483
(T04-12/88)

NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 42, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men, late fifties, 60's, 70's and up. No limit. Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards! Live with 79 year old prof lover --three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. We are both HTLV Neg. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. We are non-smokers, social drinkers. Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd. Richardson, TX 75081.
(B22-12/88)

BIG GUY IN HOUSTON: GWM, 51, 6'-0", 240#, well proportioned, brown eyes, brown/grey hair, uncut with big balls. I like music, travel, outdoors, camping, swimming, fishing, walking and working in the yard. Travel to Tucson five times a year. Seek 55+, clean shaven, uncut. Heavy set a plus. Smoker and moderate drinker okay. Write: J.R. Hensley, 5202 Lindsay, Houston, TX 77023. Tel. (713) 921-0714
(H25-8/88)

FT. WORTH: GWM, 35, 5'-2", 130#, brown hair, hazel eyes and hairy body. Financially stable and working to achieve more. Masculine, but love affection. Sexually versatile, French Active/Passive and other methods with the right person. Seeking 55+ white male who would like a relationship. Would like a masculine male of the country gentleman/rancher style (Michael Maher types, please

MARTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J.G. KAUFMANN

respond). Not into overweights, fems, drugs or kinky things. Write: BANTAM ROOSTER
(B23-6/88)

UTAH

UTAH SILVER BEAR: GWM, 65, 6', 185#, interested in over 50, hairy, uncut, husky, safe love maker. I'm average, can travel, but do not drive. I am hairy, silver hair, mustache, uncut, well hung, active, retired. Would enjoy photo exchange and possible meeting. Write: GULL
(C01-6/88)

VIRGINIA

GLEN ALLEN: White discreet male, 48, fairly well endowed, seeks companion, white, virile gentleman in late 60's or older only. Would very much like permanent companion if compatible. I try to be congenial and have good sense of humor. Am clean and expect same. Am railroad employee for 23 years now. Live alone in 2 bedroom apartment. Write: C.T.M., Box 1036, Glen Allen, VA 23060.
(M29-6/88)

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON STATE: Horny, dentured senior, 66, 5'-9", 180#, gray hair, french and greek A/P, mostly bottom. Possible relationship, any age. I am unable to relocate. Sex is not something to find, but a feeling to be shared. Write: Frank, P.O. Box 110772, Tacoma, WA 98411.
(C07-12/88)

SEATTLE: Handsome GWM, 40, 6', 155#, masculine, clean cut, would like to meet mature white man (50+) for a good, safe time. I like men with gray hair, 150-190#, big hands, well endowed, blue eyes; however, since nice looking gentlemen come in a lot of different packages, I will consider all. I visit Palm Springs-San Diego area in late February-early March. Would like to hear from some California men. Please write with picture to: E.L.M., P.O. Box 94174, Seattle, WA 98124
(M22-6/88)

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: Seeking younger man to relate to muscular, masculine, successful retiree, 60 years young, 6', 195#. Enjoy all sports, the arts, travel, etc. Play racquetball, bicycle, bridge. Enjoy active life. Would like to correspond with a smooth bodied MAN with an eye to relationship. All will be answered. Write: SWANERO, c/o E.L.M., P.O. Box 94174, Seattle, WA
(S99-8/88)

SEATTLE AREA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 180#, husky, friendly, amorous, bearish, would like to tangle moustaches with a man of similar attributes in my age bracket (40-60). John Breadstill, 1605 - 12th Ave. #30, Seattle, WA 98122, (206) 322-3820. NATIONWIDE: Send me a letter containing your sexual fantasies illustrated with nude photos and I'll reciprocate with story/nude photos.
(B21-6/88)

LUST FOR LIFE: 69, 5'-7", 142#, retired professor, adventurous, affectionate, sensitive, dependable, a good listener, open to new ideas, experiences and people. Interests: giving massage, sightseeing, visitors, classical music, the performing arts, photography, hearing your life story, new friends who are trim, health-conscious, open-minded and young at heart. Write: Tom Guion, 403 14th Ave., East, #37, Seattle, WA 98112.
(G19-10/88)

WISCONSIN

WISCONSIN: GWM, 62, 5'-9", 195#, masculine, white hair and moustache - Hairy. Enjoy outdoors and nature, gardening, travel, classical music, cuddling and quiet times. Am a non smoker and a social drinker. Seeking a masculine Black gentleman for traveling companion and to share life--good times and bad. Prefer someone from upper Midwest. No drugs or hustlers. Write: Lawrence A. Krause, 10706 Valley Line Rd., Gillett, WI 54124.
(K12-8/88)

WISCONSIN DELLS AREA: GWM, 67, 5'-9 1/2", 150#, blue eyes, greying hair, wirey/muscular, well hung, outdoorsman. Have a great sense of humor but no one to spring it on, at present. Will be SWAN writer and model soon. Seek masculine, mature man to share good times with. Write: STARTHROAT.
(S22-4/89)

CANADA

GET TO KNOW A NEIGHBOR: Horny, aggressive, retired Canadian, living in Vancouver, B.C., 65, 6'-1", 190#, wants to correspond with/meet Western seniors, heavy-set (stout), bald or grey. I like opera, Country and Western, square dancing. I'm healthy, keep in shape and travel extensively. I am sexually versatile and enjoy erotic correspondence. Write: HIRONDELLE
(J05-2/89)

BRITISH COLUMBIA: GWM, 60, retired paymaster, would like to correspond, visit and have guests Currently own a bed and breakfast operation in mountain town in Northeastern B.C.. I'm 5'-10", 175#, non smoker, social drinker, full trimmed beard, little head hair, lotsa baby hair. I'd like to live and love in hot area Nov-April and have partner return to the mountains balance of the year. Write: L.D. Driver, 34 - 101st Avenue, Kimberley, B.C. V1A 1A3, CANADA
(D12-8/88)

B.C. CANADA/NATIONAL: Personable, attractive male, widower, 62 (but considered a young looking 50), 5'-8", 170#, moderatly hairy, hazel eyes, moustache, young-spirited, masculine, retired theatre arts enthusiast, romantic, no hang-ups, seeks a nurturing, down-to-earth type fun guy--age, race, looks unimportant--for a stable relationship. Positive outlook, sense of humour, and the ability to share mutual needs of paramount importance. Write: SWAN READER, 8351 Browngate Road, Richmond, B.C., V6X 1G7, CANADA
(FN 2-6/88)

INTERNATIONAL

LONELY SON SEEKS BEAUTIFUL DAD: Masculine European W/M, 37, 6'-1", 155#, trim, hairy, well hung, short dark hair, sensitive, loyal, sensual, health conscious, non-promiscuous, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks masculine, warm, caring, affectionate gentleman over 55 for passionate uninhibited monogamous relationship. Any area. Want to relocate to America for right person. Light physical handicap and/or drinking okay. All detailed letters with photo(s) answered. Photo(s)--nude preferred--are essential. Please write: LONELY LOON, BM 8792, London WC1N3XX, ENGLAND
(Resides in Belgium)
(D06-10/88)

AUSTRALIA: Australian, living in Sydney, who has crept stealthily beyond the middle years, well preserved and active in all senses of the word, if a little overweight. Lived many years in Europe, familiar with the best in literature and the arts. Would like to hear from Americans, 25-45. Integrity, intelligence and the ability to disagree without rancour important. Reply to: "Ottumwa", 29 Milson Rd., Cremorne, Sydney 2090, AUSTRALIA. Replies assured and photo and biog. appreciated.
(R19-12/88)

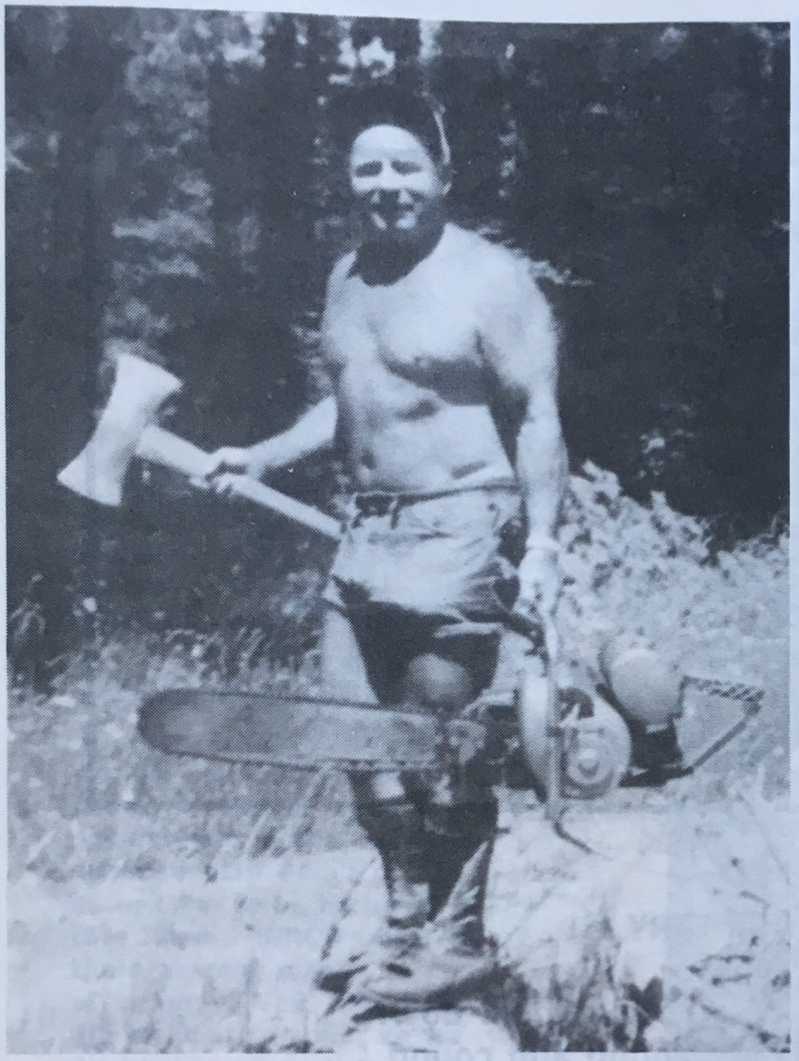
AUSTRALIA: Sincere, GWM, mature Leo, 60, 5'-9", 190 #, smoker and whisky drinker--no drugs and non scene. No Freudian hang ups, fortified by Catholic faith, civilised and urbane in manners and life style--Mozart, Albeniz, Keats, Shelley, etc.--chubbies from 55 to 75 or stretch a point to 85. Write: R.P.S., "Dalmeny Tor," 91-95 Bartle Road, Tamborine Mtn, Queensland 4272, AUSTRALIA. Tel. -075- 451474.
(S22-12/88)

AUSTRALIAN W/M: 43 years, 6'-1", 80 kg, slim build (wear specks) straight acting, outdoor type, non smoker, non-drinker, 9" cut cock, honest. Seeks golden older, 60 to 90, for sincere partner. Your photo gets mine. Write: Cliff Jenkins, P.O. Box 12, Marlborough 4705, Queensland, AUSTRALIA.
(FN 1-6/88)

POLAND: I am a 27 year old Polish gay man who lives in Warsaw. I would like to correspond with older gays from U.S.A. I'm interested in theatre, opera, cinema, music, tourism and I know the English language. Write: Marek Wyloga, Skrytka Polzt. 142, 00-953 Warszawa 30, POLAND.
(W99-6/88)

(Note from Editor: Please <u>do not</u> send nude photos or provocative literature to Eastern European advertisers unless they specifically ask for same)

Had you not been so damned cheap, your very own personal ad could have been printed in this spot and you could have been on your way to an adventure. SWAN ads get results! And they are the cheapest ads in any gay magazine. Place one TODAY!



EX-LOGGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMBA

LOS SWANEROS PRIMEROS

ANNIVERSARY III

three years swiftly, slow them down
no more lost time, round and round

time for working, time for tea
time for loving.....destiny

peaceful evenings, side by side
time relentless, changing tide

hold him tightly, savor him
shield him from the abyss rim

I feel chosen.....legacy?
I am driven.....ecstacy.

a mighty love, this coupling breeds
enriching souls, fullfilling needs

through the good times, through the lean
never ending.....evergreen

P.H. COLLEY

EDITOR'S NOTE:

....For those of you whose mouths were watering in anticipation of feasting your eyes on the latest RAM drawing.....

SURPRISE!

We are abundantly sorry, but RAM's latest offering got delayed in the mail and subsequently didn't get to us in time to be included in this issue. SIRCO's ad for their newest video offering, NEVER TOO OLD, did make it in time, so we decided to place it here.

We direct your attention to XYLOPHANG's review of this video on page 67.

NEVER TOO OLD . . . . . 76 minutes
sirco's first senior citizen video!

CHUBBY CHASER . . . . . 71 minutes
If heavy makes you happy!

Send **$69.95** plus **$2** postage and handling for each tape. Be sure and specify ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

THE FOTOSET . . .
Old Chubbies . . . . . **$10.**

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I certify I am 21 or over.

VIDEO CORNER

Finally, there is another video producer who has produced a video featuring older men and younger guys who get it on with them. The producer is SIRCO out of San Francisco and the video is called NEVER TOO OLD, which is now available. See XYLOPHANG'S review in this issue.

Want to trade your copy of TRIPLEX for a copy of CENTAUR SIX? Want to find someone who'll make you a copy of one of our discontinued videos? Drop us a line and and tell us about it. If you want replies to be forwarded to you, give us a codeword. Otherwise, state that you want replies directed to you and advise how you want replies addressed. Include a service charge of $2.00 and we'll run your notice for one issue

NOTE: CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX are NOT copyright protected and may be duplicated. RANCH HOUSE and DADDY'S BOYS are copyright protected and MAY NOT be duplicated.

VIDEO BULLETIN BOARD

NOTE: Write to coded advertisers the same way you would write to a bird codeword. Seal your letter, stamp it, write codeword in pencil at the lower left corner, place it inside another envelope and mail it to SWAN.

Wanted: Videos of nudist men. Prefer amateur, but will accept commercial tapes. Will buy, trade or borrow. Write: OXPECKER.
(VC-6/88)

Wanted: Used original or good copies of all SWAN videos (originals only of RANCH HOUSE or DADDY'S BOYS). Also interested in other videos or home filmed VHS of older men (late 50's and up. No limit!) No rip-offs, please! Write: Jim Bennett, 1705 E. Collins Blvd., Richardson, TX 75081.
(VC 8/88)

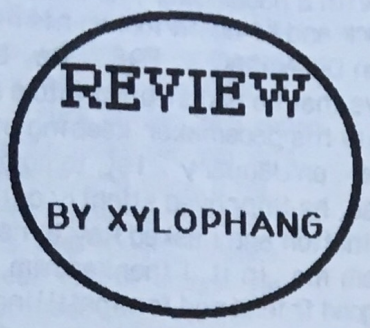
Wanted: A copy of CENTAUR SIX and an original of RANCH HOUSE to donate to a SWAN subscriber whose copies were destroyed by Canadian Customs. Contact SWAN.

Wanted: Any and all videos (or copies of videos) available from fellow SWANEROS, especially "the" four SWAN and RH videos. Willing to pay more than fairly for your much appreciated time and effort. Please contact A.S.A.P. with particulars--I like particulars! Write: Big Bird! (aka David Bamburg) 1500 Lakeview Blvd. E., Seattle, WA 98102. Call: (206) 325-0259. Leave message if no answer. Will return call.
(VC-8/88)

WANTED: Copies of SWAN movies. Will pay full price or will trade for some I have. My library exceeds 50 movies. Have copy equipment and am willing to trust and trade. Are you? Dave Middleton, P.O. Box 76102, St. Petersburg, FL 33734.
(VC-6/88)

WANTED: Copies of two videos produced by SWAN and originals of two RANCH HOUSE videos. Will pay top price. Must have!!! Contact: EGRET
(VC-6/88)

Will copy my copies of SWAN videos for certain grateful, attractive, thin, elderly, French/Active men who are planning to visit the greater Palm Springs area soon. Write: SORA
(VC-6/88)



NEVER TOO OLD....
a video by SIRCO

I am amazed at how few entrepreneurs there are in this world. When SWAN announced that they were going out of the video business and hinted that they would be willing to sell the masters of CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX at a ridiculously low price, I thought, ***BINGO!*** Last I heard, however, no one has stepped forward, in spite of the fact that SWAN's readers are screaming bloody murder for more videos and new subscribers state that they would kill for a copy of the original four. Now, Colley tells me that the masters are not for sale. But there is good news, dear boys. That irrepressible master of kinky videos, SIRCO, has decided to do a vanilla turnaround in the form of a new video titled NEVER TOO OLD.

In all honesty, I must tell you that I have reviewed two versions of this video. My original review was sent to SIRCO by SWAN and the producer actually revised the video in response to my critique. And what an improvement!

The 76 minute video opens on the exquisite, nude spittin image of ROB DADEO (except for a moustache, a more powerful body and a thicker cock). I mean, this man is ***SIZZLING!*** He is interviewed by the off scene cameraman, who tantalizies him with a huge cock we never see. The man jacks off during the interview and finally explodes, along with anyone watching his performance. Next, we have another jackoff scene--this time with a butch, lean, well muscled, rather stone faced, tight-lipped 65 year old with glasses. Which leads us to another interview--this one with a fiftyish hunk with massive balls and a rather eerie stare (probably caused by the monstrous dick on the cameraman). Which brings us to yet another interview with an attractive, 64 year old, Jewish New Yorker, who jacks off while he answers questions about his sex life and how many cocks he's sucked in his lifetime. By this time, you begin to realize that the interviewer/cameraman/producer has one of those squeeky clean voice-overs you hear in television commercials. Finally, we get to see some sex between two men, as the Jewish dude takes on the cock of a 63 year old man with white hair, moustache and beard. This, I might ad, is the only scene which seems to drag. But the scene is redeemed when the Jewish dude takes on a stocky, younger Indian (as in Bombay) and the two indulge in a wild 69 with cum all over the place.

SIRCO then takes the opportunity to include previews of his other repertory--including every fetish from water sports to foreskin to spanking. I was relieved that he had not included his more hard core stuff like scat.

Although the video has some rough spots, I think that it is a fairly good first attempt at doing "Senior Vanilla." Priced about the same as the RANCH HOUSE videos, it is on a par with them, too (probably better, really). RANCH HOUSE and its sequel, DADDY'S BOYS were basically set around a massage table, while NEVER TOO OLD takes place on a couch and the carpet in front of it. Don't look for something as outrageous as CENTAUR SIX and TRIPLEX, the SWAN videos. Those are collector's items and have a wacky, fresh spontaneity, along with humorous story lines. But, in all fairness to SIRCO, the SWAN videos might have been an accident. Fact is, they are no longer around, so one can't use them as a yard stick. The RANCH HOUSE videos are no longer around either, but might be in the near future if their producer has any business acumen at all (rumor has it, however, that he's not the type to wait in line at UPS). There is only one video on the market today which features older men, and that is NEVER TOO OLD. Gentlemen, that's the state of the art and I believe that we should support SIRCO's effort in hopes that he will do more.

Editor's Note: Since it is doubtful that SIRCO's ad will reach us in time, you might obtain more information about NEVER TOO OLD by writing:

SIRCO
P.O. Box 14425
San Francisco, CA 94114

Out of courtesy, we recommend that you include a business sized, stamped, self-addressed envelope.

IN CLOSING

I met Art at a rather unusual cocktail party at a rectory north of Chicago, back in 1973. The minute he walked into the room, I felt my pulse rate quicken. Since he and I didn't really fit in with the crowd (all the other partygoers were either Roman Catholic Priests, Monks or Deacons and we were both non-Catholics), it seemed logical that we steal off into the study where the bar was. Suave, handsome and sharp as a whip, he got my undivided attention, much to the chagrin of my semi-estranged lover at the time, one of the deacons. Art was involved with someone part time, so we were in the same boat and it turned out to be a perfect arrangement. We got together at least once a week for dinner and a movie and nightcaps at Kitty Sheen's. Over the years, we became very close friends and, instead of meeting in Chicago, we began to meet in the West Suburbs. We would meet our mutual great friend, Ray, at a twinky disco bar (previously the best older crowd cruise bar in the Midwest), where Art was treated like a famous movie star. All the kids loved him and bought him drinks. He had an air of dignity about him and his smile was warm enough to heat the whole building.

In 1979, Art had a massive stroke and lay beside his car in a busy parking lot for 30 minutes before someone came to his aid. Half of his body paralyzed, he amazed everyone as he fought to get well through therapy. Within a few months, we were meeting in the twinky bar again, but he was a little less flexible and had to walk with a cane. When he walked into the bar, you'd have thought that Ghandi had walked in. Crowds parted and, one at a time, seemingly EVERYONE came by to say hello. Art, for sure, had star quality.

In 1980, I left Chicago and Art got stronger--until his heart began to fail him. Fitted with a pacemaker, he made yet another comeback and he again looked his old self Then, on December 7, 1987, Ray told us the sad news that he had slipped into a coma, with only his pacemaker keeping him alive. But later, on January 21st, to no one's surprise, he improved slightly out of sheer determination and I asked Ray to read him a note from me. In it, I thanked him for being such a good friend and for instilling in me a sense of dignity--for teaching me the true meaning of sincerety. I told him that I would always love him. Ray said that there was no reaction when he read it.

Finally, on February 8th, Ray advised that Art had been going downhill since the first of February and that things did not look good He ended the letter with, "Feel real bad about this guy. I loved this guy."

Art was born July 19, 1910 and passed away on March 24, 1988.

He loved SWAN. In a way, I can feel him now, looking over my shoulder, helping me write this closing. The feeling was augmented this morning in the bathroom, when I happened to look down at a bottle of Polo aftershave. It had been a birthday present from Art back in 1979. It was his favorite and, as I opened the bottle and allowed the fragrance to waft over me, his memory became vivid and I felt an overwhelming feeling of warmth and love.

Know what? I think we have a guardian angel now.

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SWAN is committed to providing nurturing fantasies, entertainment and helpful articles for the well being and dignity of all gay seniors and those who love and care for them. We are dedicated to the celebration and pursuit of the Silver Centaur..... May we all find one another and bring peace into our lives.

LATE ARRIVING ADS

TEXAS SACK 'N SADDLE MAN: 53, 5'-8", 135#, WM, masculine rugged lookin' former USMC "grunt," truck driver, pro rodeo (14 years), looks for 'em 40's through 60's who suck 'n 69. Not Greek Active or Passive. No fems, overweight, drunks, "beauties," dirt or drugs. No J/O or collect calls. White only. If you are at ease around and in hat, boots, blue jeans, barn stalls, pick up trucks, the country 'n others who would circle suck, in laps, call Dub at (817) 338-1460 (or 870-2045). Write w/photo to: Dub Martin, P.O. Box 9343, Ft. Worth, TX 76147.
(M31-8/88)

FAIRFIELD, NJ: Loving nephew, 37, over 300#, salt and pepper balding, blue eyes, hairy chest, large tits, would like to meet loving uncle. Do you like simple things in life, like taking a walk on the beach at sunrise? Will answer all. Photo appreciated. Write: James Dwyer, 8 Camp Lane, Fairfield, NJ 07006.
(D15-8/88)

CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 63, 5'-7", 175, grey/brown, seeks chubby, fat men to 50 (bigger is better). Prefer smooth bodies and under 5'-10", into mutual J/O and lots of cuddling. Not seeking relationship--friends and fun only. Your photo/phone gets mine. All answered. Write: Ernest Harff, 47 Lorraine Ter., Mt. Vernon, NY 10553
(H26-12/88)

ST. PETERSBURG: Two men who like men, but no drugs, no fems, no S & M. Want some great friends and good hot sex. Write: Homik, P.O. Box 37142, St. Petersburg, FL 33743.
(E05-8/88)

MISSOURI: Oriental male, 33, 5'-10", 142#, professional, masculine, sensuous and clean. Seeks older 40-75, who is sincere, affectionate and good looking. Write: Linn., P.O. Box 8075, St. Louis, MO 63156.
(L15-6/88)

COACH--Dad's Guy: 38, 6'-0", 185, hairy, 7" cut, former marine, high school coach. This guy enjoys athletic/military type men, 50+. Pipe, cigars, tatooed and hairy are extra turn-on. Pick up your clipboard and drop the coach your game plan. Write: COACH, 3208 Cahuenga Blvd., West #8, Los Angeles, CA 90048.
(M32-6/88)

CONNECTICUTT: GWM, 5'-8", 170#, 62 years young. Grey with moustache and goatee. In good shape. Seek lifemate, no age or race limitations. Love nudity and nature, have log home and boat. Into good music and theater. Pipesmoker, no alcohol or drugs. No objection to moderate indulgence. Will take early retirement and have 100% availability for you. Write: P.L.S., Box 438, Hadlyme, CT 06439.
(S25-10/88)

PERSONAL AD FORM

PERSONAL ADS ARE FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY!

All subscribers over 55 are entitled to one free ad in one issue per year. For those under 55, your first ad will cost $10.00. Additional printing of ads, regardless of age, will cost $5.00 per issue. If you want a codeword assigned to your ad and have your mail forwarded to you, add $2.00 for each issue your ad will appear in. Please fill out **all** the following spaces:

THE NAME WE KNOW YOU AS:_____ **AD DURATION:**_____ **Issues**

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____
MESSAGE: (Try to limit to 60 words. Use back if more space needed.)

AD CLOSING: (If using codeword, leave blank. Otherwise, use real name, alias or initials, followed by where you want replies mailed to. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes)_____

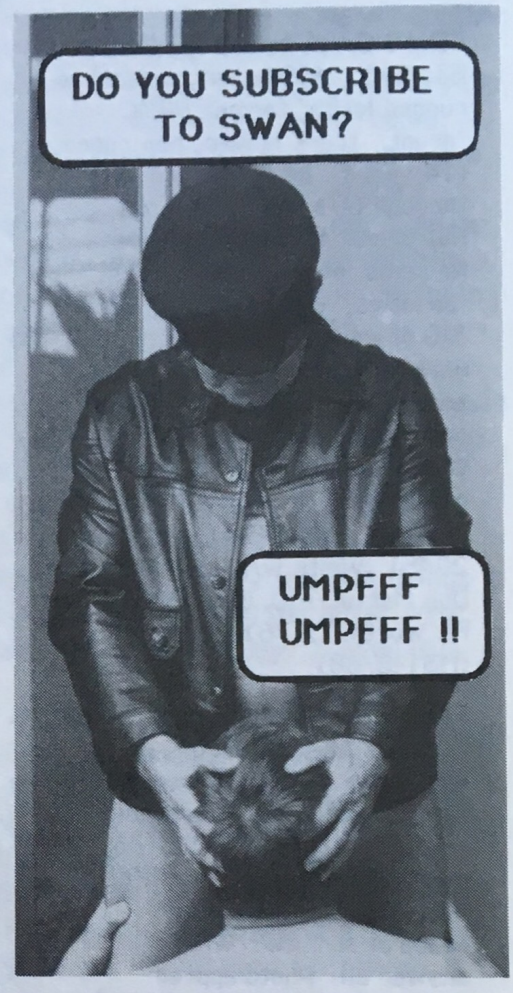
Mail to: SWAN, 181 S. Civic Drive, Suite 1-14, Palm Springs, CA 92262.

RHODE ISLAND: Early 60's guy, 185#, 5'-8", thinning white/grey hair, moustache, beard (Santa), seeks younger guys who enjoy travel, keeping in shape--mentally and physically --togetherness, monogamy. Write: Charles McGarrigle, P.O. Box 652, Woonsocket, RI 02895.
(M33-6/88)

LET'S PLAY WITH EM! Healthy, sane, dirty minded, in-shape, GWM, 55, 5'-10", 145#, fat 7" cut, with heavy hangers. Into massage, books, hiking, nudism, photography, video, music--seeks seasoned GWM, my age or younger for good times in and out of bed. Photo swap fine with me. Write: Tom Queenan, P.O. Box 1, Allentown, NJ 08501.
(Q02-8/88)

CALIFORNIA/WORLDWIDE: GW Canadian, 67, 6'-0", 11 stone (154#), widowed, humourous Airline Retiree--have pass will travel with 6" cut mushroom gun. Swimming, hiking and nude in the sun. People, puzzles, Western--not rock. I like all that's fun. Write, visit, explore life and enjoy. Let's hear from Australia and New Zealand too. All answered. Write: Aquarius Three, P.O. Box 160482, Sacramento, CA 95816.
(M34-8/88)

POLAR BEAR WANTED: WM, 42, 5'-11", 200 #, hairy bear, beard and moustache, sincere and affectionate, seeks new friends, contacts and action. I prefer chubby Wilford Brimley types. Send photo if possible and detailed letter. Write: J.R., 808 Post St. #716, San Francisco, CA 94109.
(R19-8/88)



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70. AARON'S MODELS

AARON NEEDS MODELS!

North Hollywood artist seeks models 55 and up, most sizes/shapes--but especially "mature."

Do you have a fantasy that needs visualizing? I enjoy creating explicit ideas for those who can't find their tastes on the bookstands.

Write: AARON